SEVEN

by

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First Draft

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The world is a fine place
and worth fighting for.

-Ernest Hemingway
1940, For Whom the Bell Tolls

FADE IN:

INT. OLD HOUSE -- DAY

Sunlight comes through the soot on the windows, more brown than bright. SOMERSET, 45, stands in one corner of this small second-story room. He looks over the ceiling, looks down at the worn wooden floors, looks at the peeling wallpaper.

He walks to the center of the room, continues his study, taking his time. He halts, turns to one wall where the current wallpaper is torn away to reveal flowery wallpaper underneath.

Somerset goes to this wall and runs his finger across one of the pale, red roses which decorates the older paper. He pushes the grime away, brings the rose out more clearly.

He reaches into his suit pocket and takes out a switchblade. He flips the thin, lethal blade free. Working deliberately, delicately, Somerset cuts a square around the rose, then peels the square of dry wallpaper away from the wall. He studies it in his hand.

EXT. OLD HOUSE -- DAY

Somerset stands in front of the old home. He looks out at the surrounding farms and forests. He ponders something. Birds sing.

MAN (o.s.)
Is something wrong?

Somerset does not respond, just stares off. The MAN, 34, wears a real-estate broker's jacket and stands beside a FOR SALE sign in the muddy lawn.

MAN (cont)
Is there something the matter?

Somerset turns to face the man, then looks back at the house.

SOMERSET
No. There's nothing wrong. It's just that everything here seems...seems so strange to me. All this.

MAN
Strange? There's nothing strange about this place. The house'll need a little fixing up, that's for sure...

SOMERSET
No. I like the house, and this place.

(CONTINUED)

MAN
I was going to say. Cause this place is about as normal as places get.

Somerset nods, taking a deep breath. He smiles.

SOMERSET
That is exactly what I mean. Strange.

Somerset looks back to the beautiful landscape. The man does not understand.

INT. AMTRACK TRAIN -- LATER DAY

Somerset is in a window seat, looking out the window of the speeding train, smoking a cigarette. He is near the back of the car, away from the few other passengers.

Outside, farms, fields, small homes and small lawns rush by. The panorama is dappled by the rays of the soon to be setting sun.

The light flickers across Somerset's face. He shifts his weight, content.

INT. AMTRACK TRAIN -- LATER DAY

The train is almost full, moving slower. Somerset has his suitcase on the aisle seat beside him. He holds a hardcover book unopened on his lap. He still stares out the window, but his face is tense. The train is passing an ugly, swampy field. The sun has gone under.

Though it seems impossible it ever could have gotten there, a car's burnt-out skeleton sits rusting in the braken. A little further on, two dogs are fighting, circling, attacking, their coats matted with blood.

Somerset turns his head slightly to watch the dogs.

Away in the field, another dog sprints to join the fight.

INT. AMTRACK TRAIN -- EARLY EVENING

The train is passing urban streets below. Slums and smashed cars. People stand in groups on the corners. Bleak. The sky is full of smokestacks and huge industrial cranes.

Somerset's suitcase is now on the window seat. Somerset has moved to the aisle seat. He is reading his book. He looks up from the book and rubs his eyes, then looks back to the pages, not once glancing out the window.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

Somerset is carrying his suitcase outside the train station. The city demands attention: cars screeching, people yelling, sirens blaring.

Somerset passes a family of bewildered tourists. A WEIRD MAN has a hand on the tourist father's suitcase and it has become a tugging match. "I'll take you to a taxi...I'll take you," the weird man is shouting. Ahead, a group is gathered on the sidewalk near two ambulances. People are clamoring to get a look at a bloody body which lies on the street.

Policemen try to hold the crowd off. Ambulance attendants administer aid to the victim who convulses. Somerset moves by, ignoring it all. He motions for a cab and one pulls up from the street's stream of vehicles.

INT. CAB -- NIGHT

Somerset throws his suitcase in and shuts the door behind him.

DRIVER
(about the crowd)
What's the big fuss?

Somerset looks at the teeming crowd, looks at the driver.

SOMERSET
Why do you care?

DRIVER
Well, fuck you too.

The driver leans forward, checks it out. The circle of spectators shifts violently. A man has shoved another man and they're really going at it now. They swing at each other and tear at each other's clothing. One man's flailing fist connects and the other man's face is instantly bloodied. The fight grows even more spastic. The police try to stop it.

DRIVER (cont)
Fucking crazy fucks.

The driver pulls away and the cab rages down the street. Somerset looks at the parade of neon passing on the avenue. He slumps back in the seat and closes his eyes.

DRIVER (cont)
Hey, where the fuck you heading?

Somerset opens his eyes.

SOMERSET
Far away from here.

The curtains are closed. The SOUNDS of the CITY are here as they will be everywhere in this story. A CAR ALARM is SOUNDING, shrill and clear. Somerset's life is packed into many moving boxes, except for some clothing in a closet and hundreds and hundreds of books on the shelves of one wall. Somerset is lying on the bed, dressed only in his underwear.

He reaches to the nightstand, to a wooden, pyramidical metronome. He frees the metronome's weighted swingarm so it moves back and forth. Swings to the left...TICK, swings to the right... TICK. Tick...tick...tick...measured and steady.

Somerset situates on the bed, closes his eyes. Tick...tick...tick. The metronome's sound competes with the sound of the car alarm. Somerset's face tightens as he concentrates on the metronome. His eyes close tighter.

Tick...tick...tick...the swingarm moves evenly. Somerset's breathing deepens.

Tick...tick...tick. The car alarm seems quieter.

Tick...tick...tick. Somerset continues his concentration. The metronome's sound seems louder.

Tick...tick...tick. The sound of the car alarm fades, and is GONE. The metronome is the only sound.

Somerset's face relaxes as he begins to fall asleep. Tick...tick...tick...

INSERT -- TITLE CARD

SUNDAY

INT. SOMERSET'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Somerset picks items off a moving box: his keys, his wallet, his switchblade, his gold homicide badge. Finally, he opens the hardcover book he had with him on the train. From the pages, he takes the pale, paper rose.

INT. TENEMENT APARTMENT -- DAY

Somerset stands before a wall which is stained by a starburst of blood. A body lies on the floor under a sheet. A sawed-off shotgun is on the floor a few feet away. The apartment is sad and gloomy.

DETECTIVE TAYLOR, 52, stands on the other side of the room, looks through a notepad.

(CONTINUED)

TAYLOR
Neighbors heard them screaming at each other for like two hours. It was nothing new. But, then they heard the gun go off. Boom, boom, both barrels.

SOMERSET
Did the wife confess? Did she actually speak the words?

TAYLOR
When the patrolmen came she was trying to put his head back together. She was crying too hard to say anything.

Somerset begins walking around the apartment.

SOMERSET
Why, always like this? Only after the fact...they have this sudden realization, that if you shoot someone, or stick a knife in them, that person will cease to exist.

TAYLOR
Crime of passion.

SOMERSET
Yes. Look at all the passion splattered up on the wall here.

Taylor shifts his weight, impatient.

TAYLOR
This is a done deal. All but the paperwork.

Somerset looks at a coloring book open on the coffee table. There are crayons beside it. Somerset picks the book up.

SOMERSET
Did their son see it happen?

TAYLOR
I don't know.

Taylor closes his notebook, perturbed. Somerset flips through the book's pages, looks at the cute, crudely colored animals.

TAYLOR (cont)
What kind of fucking question is that, Somerset?

Taylor walks over and grabs the coloring book to get his attention.

TAYLOR (cont)
I'm glad I'm getting rid of you today. You know that? You always ask these questions..."Did the kid see it?" Well, who gives a fuck?
(points)
He's dead. His wife killed him.

Taylor throws the coloring book back to Somerset and walks.

TAYLOR (cont)
Anything else has nothing to do with nothing!

Taylor leaves, pushing past DETECTIVE DAVID MILLS, 31, who is just entering. Mills is muscular and handsome, wearing a nice suit. He looks back at Taylor, then around the apartment, a bit disoriented.

Somerset puts the coloring book back on the coffee table and stares at the floor, showing no reaction to Taylor's tantrum.

MILLS
Uh, Lieutenant Somerset?

Somerset looks to see Mills.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

A body bag is carried through a crowd of people outside the tenement building's entrance. Somerset follows the body bag out and Mills follows Somerset. They walk towards the end of the filthy block, past a man urinating on a car.

MILLS
I'm a little thrown. I just stepped off the plane like twenty minutes ago and then they brought me here.

SOMERSET
Since we are just starting out, I thought we should go to a bar. Sit and talk for awhile. There will be time to...

MILLS
(interupting)
No. I want to get to the precinct house a.s.a.p....seeing how we don't have much time for this whole transition thing.

Somerset just keeps walking, says nothing.

MILLS (cont)
I need to get the feel of it all. And meet the people. Right?

They walk in an uncomfortable silence.

SOMERSET
I meant to ask you something, when we spoke on the phone. I just can't help wondering. Why are you here?

MILLS
(wary)
I don't follow.

SOMERSET
All this effort you've gone through, to be transferred from Philadelphia, to here. It is the first question that pops into my head.

MILLS
I'm here for the same reasons as you, I guess. Or...at least the same reasons you used to have for being here...
(pause)
...before you decided to give up.

Somerset stops and faces Mills.

SOMERSET
You think you know me? You just met me.

MILLS
Maybe I don't understand the question you're asking.

SOMERSET
It is very plain and very simple. I do not understand why you have come from the "City of Brotherly Love" to the "City of Brotherly Hate." I have never seen it done that way, Detective.

MILLS
I thought I could do more good here than there, I don't know.
(steps closer)
It would be great by me if we didn't start right off kicking each other in the balls. It'd be a real treat. But, you're calling the shots, Lieutenant, so however you want it to go.

SOMERSET
Let me tell you how I want this to go. I want to prepare you for...

MILLS
(cuts in)
I wasn't standing around in Philly guarding the Liberty Bell. I've worked homicide for five and a half years.

SOMERSET
You have never worked homicide in this city.

MILLS
I realize that.

SOMERSET
Well, over the next seven days, please do me the favor of remembering it.

Mills just stares back at Somerset. Somerset walks away.

INSERT -- TITLE CARD

MONDAY

INT. SOMERSET'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- EARLY MORNING

Somerset lies asleep on the bed. It is still dark outside. The PHONE beside the inactive metronome RINGS. Somerset awakens suddenly and looks at the phone, startled.

INT. MILLS'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- EARLY MORNING

It is just barely becoming light outside. Mills is wide awake in bed beside the sleeping form of his wife TRACY, 30. Mills looks tired. He listens to the passing traffic. He covers his eyes with his forearm.

He takes his arm away and sits up, frustrated, sits on the edge of the bed and looks around. The room is a shambles, filled with moving boxes.

The light coming through the window glows upon a football trophy. Large and noble, a golden player stands in frozen motion at the trophy's pinnacle.

Mills looks at the trophy and a fond smile forms on his face. The PHONE RINGS. Mills looks towards it, startled. Tracy awakens. She looks up with half-open eyes. She is a beautiful woman.

TRACY
What is it?

Phone rings. Mills reaches to touch Tracy's shoulder.

MILLS
It's okay.

Mills leans to get the phone. Tracy seems frightened.

TRACY
Honey, where are we? Where are we?

INT. APARTMENT, CRIME SCENE, HALLWAY -- EARLY MORNING

Somerset and Mills, both wearing badges, stand with OFFICER DAVIS, 35, a beefy, uniformed cop. The hall is dark and ugly. Every few seconds the light from a camera's flash spills in from the nearby kitchen. Davis hands Somerset two flashlights.

DAVIS
The light's burnt out and we're looking for a replacement. It's one of those round fluorescent things.

MILLS
What?

SOMERSET
Wonderful.

DAVIS
Everything's exactly like I found it. I didn't touch anything.

SOMERSET
At what time did you confirm the death?

DAVIS
Like I said, I didn't touch him, but he's had his face in a plate of spaghetti for about forty-five minutes now.

MILLS
(to Davis)
What? You didn't check for vital signs?

DAVIS
Did I studder? Believe me, he ain't breathing in there, unless he's breathing spaghetti sauce now.

MILLS
The point is, whenever you find...

DAVIS
Beg your pardon, Detective Mills, but the guy's sitting in a pile of his own shit and piss. If he ain't dead he would have stood up by now.

Mills is angry, about to speak, but Somerset heads him off.

SOMERSET
Thank you, Davis. We'll be talking to you again after we've looked around.

DAVIS
Yes, Sir.

Davis walks, eyeing Mills. Mills watches him go. Somerset hands Mills a flashlight and takes out a pair of surgical gloves.

SOMERSET
I wonder what exactly was the point of the conversation you were about to get into.

MILLS
And I wonder how many times Officer Davis has found a dead man who didn't really die until Davis was in the car, calling it in and eating a donut.

Somerset snaps one glove on his hand and checks the fit.

SOMERSET
Drop it. We have more important business.

MILLS
For now.

INT. APARTMENT, KITCHEN -- EARLY MORNING

Somerset and Mills enter, using their flashlights in the dark. Mills is slipping into his own gloves. The grungy kitchen is tiny; barely enough room for four people. ERIC is crouched on the floor, putting his camera equipment away. He hoists his bag and moves past the detectives.

ERIC
Enjoy.

Eric leaves. In the center of the room, revealed by the flashlight beams, is an OBESE MAN slumped forward in a kitchen chair. He is face down dead in a plate of spaghetti.

The kitchen table is covered with soiled paper plates which hold bits of half-eaten sandwiches, potatoes, beef stew, donuts and many other junk foods.

Somerset sweeps the room with his flashlight. He goes to the huge corpse, kneels beside it. Mills moves to stand beside Somerset. A rope is tied around the chair and the man's wide mid-section.

MILLS
I guess that makes it murder.

Somerset uses a pen to lift one of the dead man's pants cuffs. Rope is tied around the swollen, purple ankle.

Mills steps behind the chair and examines the rope's knots.

MILLS (cont)
Still, he could have tied himself in.
To make it look like murder.

Somerset does not listen. He is focused on the corpse, studies the back of the man's head and neck without touching.

MILLS (cont)
I don't see blood or bruises yet. You?

SOMERSET
(irritated)
Not yet.

Somerset stands and points his flashlight to the sink and stove. Each burner of the stove has a used pot or pan on it.

Mills walks to a trash can by the refrigerator. The trash can is filled to the brim with empty food containers.

MILLS
I saw a guy who commited suicide, but he wanted his family to collect insurance, right. So, he takes a knife...

He opens the refrigerator. It's nearly empty.

Somerset is looking at food which has been slopped on the stove and adjoining countertop. Used utensils are everywhere along with empty tin cans and jars. Cockroaches swarm about.

MILLS (cont)
...so this guy, he holds the knife behind him, puts the tip in his back. Then gets real close to the wall, and pushes the knife...

SOMERSET
Please, be quiet for a while. Leave the refrigerator open for the light.

MILLS
(sarcastic)
Oh, yes, sir.

Somerset looks at the floor, refocusing. The flashlight beam follows a trail of dripped sauces, soups and bits of food running across the floor from the stove to the kitchen table.

Somerset looks at this a long time, then turns his head.

SOMERSET
What do you smell? Other than him, and all the food.

MILLS
(sniffs)
I don't know...there's something...

Somerset goes close to the corpse, leans farther to peer under the table's cheap tablecloth.

SOMERSET
A bucket.

Somerset points the flashlight and Mills crouches, pulls up the cloth on his side of the table. A metal bucket sits under the table. Mills slides under with his flashlight to look. He is repulsed, pulls back.

MILLS
Vomit. It's a bucket of vomit.

Somerset stands, looks at the dead man.

SOMERSET
Is there any blood in it?

MILLS
Can't tell by looking.

Somerset stares, deep in thought. He shakes his head, perplexed, as there is a KNOCK at the door. The detectives look to DOCTOR THOMAS O'NEILL, 52, the medical examiner. O'Neill is looking at the ceiling. He reaches to the light switch, turns it on. No light, so he begins flicking it up and down.

O'NEILL
This makes no sense to me at all.

O'Neill seems a bit gone. He drops his black bag onto the floor beside the corpse. He begins to sort through the bag, surgical tools clinking together.

Mills goes to the trashcan, begins to poke around with a pen.

MILLS
(to Somerset)
You think he was poisoned?

SOMERSET
Guessing at this point is useless.

O'NEILL
You girls have got forensics in the living room chompin' at the bit. Don't know if they'll fit in here though.

MILLS
There's room. Light's the problem.

Somerset looks at Mills, then at the space limitations.

SOMERSET
Still, two is company here. And, three is certainly a crowd.
(pause)
Detective Mills, please go help the officers while they question the neighbors.

Mills looks up, not pleased.

MILLS
I'd rather stay on this.

Somerset is looking at the corpse.

SOMERSET
Send one of the forensics in on your way out.

Mills does not move. He lifts his flashlight to shine the light on the side of Somerset's face. A moment passes. Somerset looks at Mills, the light shining directly in Somerset's eyes. A longer moment. Mills switches off the light. He leaves.

O'Neill unceremoniously places both hands on the dead man's head and lifts the swollen visage from the spaghetti.

O'NEILL
He is dead.

SOMERSET
How very insightful, Doctor, thank you.

INT. SOMERSET'S CAR -- DAY

Somerset drives with Mills as the passenger. They are driving in heavy city traffic. Both stare ahead in silence. Mills is a bundle of nerves.

MILLS
You have seen my files...seen the things I've done?

SOMERSET
Yes. Impressive work.

Mills looks out the window.

MILLS
I've done my time on door to doors, and walking a beat. I did all that shit a long time ago.

SOMERSET
I know.

MILLS
The badge in my pocket says Detective.

SOMERSET
I made a decision, because I have to worry about the integrity of the scene. I cannot worry about whether you feel like you're getting enough time on the playing field.

MILLS
Yeah, well, all I want is...
(pause)
Just, don't be jerking me off. Don't jerk me off. That's all I ask.

Mills looks at Somerset. Somerset keeps his eyes on the road, but he nods. That said, Mills leans to relax in the seat.

SOMERSET
We will be spending every waking hour together until I leave. I will show you who your friends are, and who your enemies are. I will help you cut through the red tape and help you "integrate," as the captain puts it. But, no matter how much you beg, or plead...jerking off will have to be something you do for yourself.

(CONTINUED)

This throws Mills. Somerset has a sense of humor? Mills laughs nervously.

SOMERSET (cont)
I just don't think we should have that sort of relationship.

MILLS
Whatever you say. It's just that, with my old partner, you know, an occasional handjob relieves tension.

Somerset smiles slightly.

SOMERSET
We'd start quarreling over insignificant things.

Mills feels a bit of the weight off his shoulders.

MILLS
Whatever you say, Detective. Beautiful.

INT. AUTOPSY ROOM -- DAY

The room is large, cold and clean. Stainless steel and white tile. Many pathologists work at slabs. A bone saw is screaming. Mills and Somerset are with DOCTOR SANTIAGO, 54, who stands over the obese corpse which is pretty well dissected already.

SANTIAGO
If you can take a look here, buddies. I can tell you, it was not a poison...if you can see...

Santiago moves to make room for Mills to stand beside him. Mills moves up a little, but not much, as Santiago reaches into the obese man's stomach. We do not see inside.

SANTIAGO (cont)
I have emptied all of everything out of the stomach, but look at it, now that I took away the liver.

Santiago pulls on something and there is a squashy sound. Mills watches, trying to hide his disgust.

SANTIAGO (cont)
I move the lungs over here. Look, first see how big this fat son-of-a-bitch stomach is.

Somerset sees Mills shying away from the sight.

SANTIAGO (cont)
It took three guys to help me, you know, to lift this fat fuck up so I could shave his head.

SOMERSET
He was a hefty gentleman.

SANTIAGO
Now...see the strange thing, on the stomach. Stretches. And, here it is distended. Look at the size of that, because of all the foods.

Somerset looks in disbelief.

MILLS
I can see what you're pointing at, but...

SANTIAGO
Look at the lines of distention on the stomach.

SOMERSET
Doctor, are you saying this man...ate till he burst?

SANTIAGO
Yes, well, he didn't actually burst. He was bleeding inside of himself, and there was a hematoma on the outside, on the belly... very large.

MILLS
He died by eating?

Somerset walks around the slab, looking over the body. He sees something on the partially shaved head.

SANTIAGO
Yes...well, there is something you have to look at and see.

Somerset leans close to look at five or six small bruises on the back of the dead man's head; bruises, some circular, some semicircular, all about the same diameter as a dime. Somerset stands straight, realizes something.

SANTIAGO (cont)
Most of the stomach contents are in the lab now...

Santiago picks up a glass jar and shows it to Mills.

SANTIAGO (cont)
...but, this. I found these in the fat man's stomach.

Inside the jar are many little pieces of blue plastic. They are curled slightly, as if they are scrapings.

MILLS
Plastic?

Mills gets Somerset's attention and hands him the jar. Somerset looks at it a long time.

SANTIAGO
Why these are in a fat man's stomach I don't know.

INT. APARTMENT, KITCHEN -- DAY

The room where the obese corpse was found is now lit by fluorescent light. Two forensics, a MALE and FEMALE, are dusting for prints. Somerset and Mills are on their hands and knees. Somerset holds the jar and touches the linoleum floor.

SOMERSET
Same color and texture.

MILLS
(to forensics)
Have you found any plastic scrapings, near the stove or sink? Near the food?

MALE
What do you mean?

MILLS
(to Somerset)
This doesn't make any sense.

They both continue looking around the floor.

SOMERSET
You always have to find one singular thing to focus on. There is always one thing, and it may be as small as a speck of dust, but you find it and focus... till it's an exhausted possibility.

The forensics watch, curious. Somerset is by the refrigerator.

MILLS
It could be nothing.

SOMERSET
Yes, but why would so many pieces be inside this guy if it were nothing? It seems intentional.

Somerset stops. There are deep scratches here in the linoleum. He fingers the grooves, then takes a piece of the plastic from the jar. He holds the piece to the floor, fiddles, fits it into one of the scratches.

Somerset gets off the floor and looks down. These scratches are in front of the refrigerator. It looks like they were caused by the refrigerator having been pulled away from the wall and pushed back at some time.

SOMERSET
(to Mills)
Come here.

INT. APARTMENT, KITCHEN -- LATER DAY

Mills and Somerset pull on the refrigerator, rock it back and forth away from the wall so there will be a clear view behind it. They strain, pull it a few more feet, then release it.

Mills leans to look behind. Shock.

MILLS
Holy shit. It ain't nothing.

Somerset comes to look. Behind the refrigerator, there is a space on the wall where the dust has been wiped away. In that space, the words: ONE IS GLUTTONY. The letters have been smeared on in grease. A note is pinned beside them.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- EARLY EVENING

The captain's office is filled with pictures, books and mugsheets. Piles of paperwork abound, yet the office is meticulously well kept. The CAPTAIN, 50, sits at his tidy desk. He wears a white shirt and conservative tie. He's a calm man, but whenever he is not speaking, without fail, he clenches his jaw over and over, causing the muscles in his neck and jaw to pulse. Somerset and Mills sit before him in leather chairs.

SOMERSET
The bruises on the back of the victim's head were caused by the muzzle of a gun.
(more)

SOMERSET (cont)
So, there was a gun against his head and he was given a choice. Eat, or get your brains blown out.

Somerset gets up to pace.

SOMERSET (cont)
He ate his fill, and was forced to continue eating, and eating...till his body started rejecting the food. The killer held a bucket under him, then kept serving this, this sick feast. The victim's throat was swollen from the effort, and there must have been a point where he passed out. The killer kicked him in the stomach, for good measure. Popped him.
(pause)
An exercise in extreme cruelty.

CAPTAIN
That seems obvious.

Somerset picks up a photocopy of the note which was pinned behind the refrigerator.

SOMERSET
(reads)
"Dear Detectives, Long is the way, and hard, that out of hell leads up to light."
It's the murderer's way of announcing himself.

CAPTAIN
Announcing what?

SOMERSET
What is gluttony?

CAPTAIN
Being a pig.

SOMERSET
There are seven deadly sins. Gluttony, wrath...

CAPTAIN
So what? This victim...

SOMERSET
...greed, envy, sloth, pride and lust. Seven.

CAPTAIN
Hey, so gluttony is one of the deadly sins, but this victim is a fat guy. The killer may have felt this was the best way to torture him. And, writing on the wall happens all the time. It's like the fashionable thing to do.

Somerset is shaking his head "no."

SOMERSET
One is gluttony.

The captain is disgruntled, clenching his jaw, looks at Mills.

MILLS
This is his stuff. I've been out in the cold all day.

SOMERSET
This was a premeditated puzzle, and it is just beginning.

CAPTAIN
Always working up there, Somerset. Big brain's always cooking, huh?

Somerset sits down beside Mills.

SOMERSET
I need you to know...we are declining this case. I want to have us reassigned.

MILLS
What?! What?!

CAPTAIN
What's this, "We are declining this case?" It don't work that way.

SOMERSET
This cannot be my last duty here. It will go on and on.

CAPTAIN
You've left unfinished business before.

SOMERSET
Everything else has been taken as close to conclusion as humanly possible. Also...I don't think this should be Mills's first case.

MILLS
This is not my first case, dickhead! What the hell!?

Mills stands, furious and walks away from Somerset.

CAPTAIN
I don't have anyone else to give this to, Somerset, you know that. Nobody's going to swap with you!

MILLS
Give it to me.

CAPTAIN
How's that?

MILLS
There's nothing that says I have to fly with him. If Somerset wants out, then "goodbye." Give the case to me.

The captain considers this.

SOMERSET
It will be too much for him, too soon.

MILLS
(to captain)
Could we please talk in private?

The captain looks at Somerset, then at Mills.

CAPTAIN
That's not necessary. You're in.

MILLS
Thank you, Sir.

CAPTAIN
Go start picking up the pieces. We'll shuffle some papers and try to get you a partner.

Mills looks at Somerset. Somerset will not look up. Mills leaves, closing the door. Somerset seems deflated. He looks at the captain.

CAPTAIN (cont)
You win, Somerset. You're out.

INSERT -- TITLE CARD

TUESDAY

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

A newspaper vendor lays out a pile of tabloid newspapers at the front of his busy newsstand. The paper's headline is BIZARRE MURDER!, in huge, black print.

The vendor lays out another tabloid pile. Headline: "EAT OR DIE" SAYS GLUTTONY KILLER!!, in big, red letters.

The vendor places a third tabloid stack beside the others. SICKENING MURDER -- EXCLUSIVE DETAILS INSIDE!, it reads.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SOMERSET'S OFFICE -- DAY

The office is old, with a single window which faces a billboard. TRAFFIC is HEARD from outside. There are moving boxes on the floor. Somerset is at his desk with paperwork in two sloppy piles. He uses a manual typewriter, filling in a yellow form. He types hunt-and-peck, slowly. He finishes the form and pulls it out. There is a knock at the door.

SOMERSET
Come in.

The captain pushes the door and stands in the doorway with a PAINTER/WORKMAN at his side.

CAPTAIN
Excuse us. We have some business to take care of.

As always, the neatly groomed captain clenches his jaw.

Somerset lines a new form in the typewriter, begins typing.

The captain strolls in. Two boxes sit on the floor with DETECTIVE MILLS written across them. He picks up one of the boxes and sets it on top of the other.

At the open door, the workman takes a razor blade from his kit. He brings it against the writing on the glass of the door: DETECTIVE SOMERSET. The workman pushes the razor to start scraping Somerset's name away, and the razor on glass sounds like fingernails on a blackboard.

Somerset looks up.

WORKMAN
Sorry.

Somerset turns back to the typing, hunt-and-peck. The captain watches. The workman continues.

CAPTAIN
Have you heard?

SOMERSET
(not looking up)
No, I haven't heard.

CAPTAIN
There was a second.

Somerset stops. He looks at the captain.

SOMERSET
Already?

CAPTAIN
Greed. It was written in blood.

Somerset thinks about this, then turns to type.

SOMERSET
It's none of my business anymore.

CAPTAIN
I thought you might want to hear about it.

SOMERSET
I'm sure Mills is doing a fine job.

CAPTAIN
He is.

SOMERSET
Good.

Hunt-and-peck. The captain's jowls clamp. He steps up to Somerset's desk, begins to straighten the two piles of forms.

CAPTAIN
Come on, Somerset. Come on. What are you going to do with yourself out there?

SOMERSET
I'll get a job, maybe on a farm. I'll work on the house.

CAPTAIN
Can't you feel it yet?
(more)

CAPTAIN (cont)
Can't you feel that feeling yet...that you won't be special anymore?

SOMERSET
I don't know what you're talking about.

CAPTAIN
You know.

Somerset reclines, faces the captain.

SOMERSET
Did you read in the paper today, about the man who wanted to take his dog for a walk? And, how he was attacked? His money and his watch were taken, and then, while he was still lying unconscious, out cold, his attacker stabbed him with a knife in both eyes. It happened last night, a few blocks from here.

CAPTAIN
I heard.

SOMERSET
I have no understanding of this place anymore.

CAPTAIN
It's always been like this, Somerset.

SOMERSET
Yes.

Somerset saddles up to the typewriter.

SOMERSET (cont)
You're absolutely right.

The captain lays the paperwork down. Both piles are now very neatly stacked.

CAPTAIN
You exist to do this work. You were made for this work, and I don't think you'll be able to deny it. I certainly can't believe you're trading it all in for a tool belt and a fishing rod. But, maybe I'm wrong.

The captain leaves.

Somerset looks up now that the captain's gone. He grabs the paperwork piles and ruffles them back to their disheveled state. He looks up at the workman.

The workman is looking at Somerset, has a rag in his hand to remove the last remnants of Somerset's name.

SOMERSET
(angrily)
Try putting a little bit of elbow grease into it!

The workman is startled, continues his work.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SOMERSET'S OFFICE -- EARLY EVENING

Somerset's work is complete and piled on the blotter. He turns off the lamp on the desk and goes to the door. He stops in the doorway. He goes back to the desk, turns the light on.

He takes a paper from the desk, and a pen. Writes quickly:

DETECTIVE MILLS, I HAVE BEEN THINKING ABOUT YOUR CASE. YOU MAY WANT TO LOOK INTO THE FOLLOWING BOOKS, RELATING TO THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS:

DANTE'S PURGATORY
THE CANTERBURY TALES -- THE PARSON'S TALE
DICTIONARY OF CATHOLICISM

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SOMERSET'S OFFICE -- LATER EVENING

Somerset lays an envelope on top of the two boxes which have Detective Mills's name on them. The envelope reads: DETECTIVE MILLS -- PERSONAL.

INT. SOMERSET'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- LATE NIGHT

There is a dart board on one wall. THWACK, Somerset's switchblade hits the board and embeds.

Somerset crosses the nearly empty living room and takes the blade from the dartboard. He walks back, to stand in front of the only chair in the room. He throws the switchblade, and it embeds in the dartboard. Somerset sits.

He picks a book off the floor and holds it in his lap. KIDS can be HEARD CURSING and playing LOUD ROCK MUSIC from outside the shuttered window. Somerset stares at the ceiling. He opens the book and looks at the pages...looks at the pages...puts the book back down on the floor.

EXT. CITY STREET -- LATE NIGHT

Somerset gets out of his car. He walks down the sidewalk with a notebook in his hand. THUNDER is HEARD. He takes a cigarette out of a full pack and lights it.

He walks along the avenue. Cars race by in the street. People walk briskly past. At a public phone, a man is cursing into the phone angrily, then starts pounding the phonebox with the receiver. A fire engine passes in the street, sirens, horn and lights going full blast.

Somerset starts up a flight of massive stone stairs, past several sleeping vagrants. One VAGRANT sits up and looks to Somerset.

VAGRANT
Spare me a cigarette? Spare a cigarette?

SOMERSET
Sorry, last one.

Ahead of Somerset, the library looms, a marvelous structure, solid and powerful.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY, MAIN LIBRARY -- LATE NIGHT

Somerset and GEORGE, 62, the night security guard, enter the vast space of the deserted main library.

The big brass lamps hanging from the ceiling give off a warm, pleasant glow over the mahogany chairs and tables. To each side of this center area are tall bookshelves. Balconies surround the room on all four sides; three levels which overlook the center.

Somerset is happy. This is his element, this peaceful, elegant place. George motions to the long, empty tables.

GEORGE
Sit where you'd like.

SOMERSET
Thanks, George.

MAN'S VOICE (o.s.)
Hey there, Smilely.

Somerset looks up to the top balcony where TWO OTHER SECURITY GUARDS and ONE JANITOR look over the banister.

SOMERSET
Good evening, Gentlemen.

(CONTINUED)

They all say their hellos, all calling him "Smilely."

FIRST GUARD
Come on, George. Cards are getting cold.

GEORGE
(to Somerset)
Duty calls.

George pumps Somerset's hand, then moves to a spiral stairwell leading to the balconies. Somerset walks down the main aisle, looks around at the shelves and shelves of books.

George reaches the top balcony and the others sit at a card table where a poker game is in progress.

Somerset puts his notebook down on one table and switches on a green banker's lamp. Thunder sounds. Somerset looks up.

Rain is beginning to fall on the windows of the high ceiling.

Somerset looks to the men on the balcony, smiles.

SOMERSET
(shouts)
All these books. A world of knowledge at your disposal, Gentlemen, and you play poker all night long.

UP ON THE BALCONY

George has taken a huge boom-box from a broom closet.

JANITOR
We got culture!

SECOND GUARD
(dealing cards)
Yeah, we got culture coming out our asses.

They laugh. George sets the boom-box against the railing of the balcony so the speakers face towards Somerset.

DOWN ON THE MAIN FLOOR

Somerset has gone into one bookshelf aisle. He runs his fingers along the spines of the books as he walks. Poker table conversation echoes from above.

UP ON THE BALCONY

George hits play on the boom-box and turns the volume up.

GEORGE
How's this for culture, Smilely?

DOWN ON THE MAIN FLOOR

Somerset looks over the books. From far away come the strains of MOZART MUSIC filling the air. (High, drifting music, such as AIR (On the G String).) Somerset stops, listens. He closes his eyes and soaks it in.

UP ON THE BALCONY

George sits down at the card table, takes out a cigar and lights up. He looks to the ground floor.

GEORGE
Hey, Smilely, where'd you go?

Below, Somerset comes from the aisle.

DOWN ON THE MAIN FLOOR

Somerset looks up at George.

SOMERSET
Thank you.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY, MAIN LIBRARY -- LATER NIGHT

The MUSIC CONTINUES, spinning through the air like a slow, cool breeze.

Somerset walks, surrounded by books, searching. He pulls one book down.

UP ON THE BALCONY

George lays down a winning hand. The others toss in their cards in disgust. George laughs, spouts cigar smoke.

The cigar smoke floats up in the air, thinning gracefully. Rain continues, dancing on the ceiling windows.

DOWN ON THE MAIN FLOOR

Somerset sits, opens the book on the table and reads.

INT. MILLS'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The MUSIC CONTINUES uninterrupted over this scene, music so pretty it is almost sad. Tracy, in a nightgown, sits up in bed, tense. She throws off the covers, and goes to the door.

She stands looking out into the living room where Mills sits at a desk. Mills sorts through paperwork and photos with his back to Tracy. A basketball game is on the television, but he pays it no mind. He sits forward, obviously frustrated, drinks coffee. He does not know Tracy is there.

Tracy watches her husband. In her eyes there is great concern.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY, MAIN LIBRARY -- NIGHT

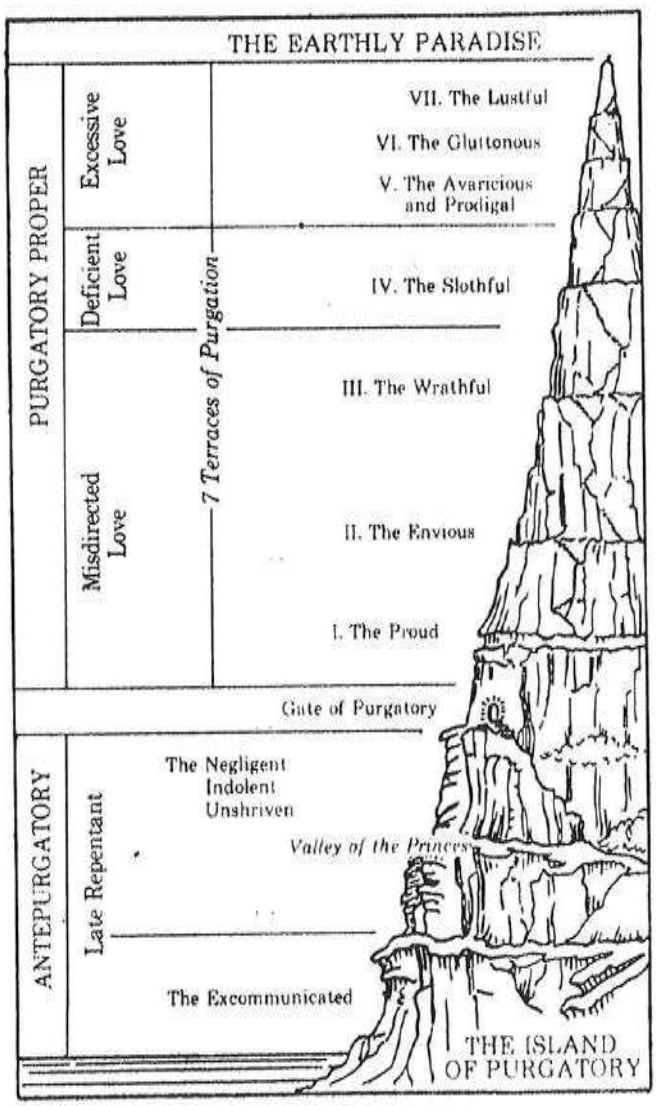
The MUSIC CONTINUES. Somerset has two books open. He opens his notebook and brings a pen to bear. Writes:

SEVEN DEADLY SINS

GLUTTONY GREED WRATH LUST PRIDE ENVY SLOTH

He crosses out GLUTTONY and GREED.

Somerset picks up one book: Dante's Purgatory. He opens it:



(CONTINUED)

UP ON THE BALCONY

George and the guys finish another hand. George looks down at Somerset, who is writing in the notebook. George takes up the cards and prepares to shuffle.

GEORGE
(shouts, to Somerset)
You know, Smilely...you're really going to miss us.

George shuffles the cards, but they flip wrong and a few go off the table, over the balcony.

DOWN ON THE MAIN FLOOR

Somerset looks up at George, then looks around.

SOMERSET
You're probably right, George. You're probably right.

UNDER THE BALCONY

The cards George dropped are fluttering, flipping downwards.

One lands on the floor, face up: ACE OF SPADES.

INSERT -- TITLE CARD

WEDNESDAY

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SOMERSET'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Somerset pushes the door open and notices DETECTIVE MILLS painted on the glass. Rain falls outside the office window. Somerset goes to his desk, but stops. All his belongings have been moved to a small, temporary desk in the corner.

He moves to the big desk and opens the top left drawer. Empty. He goes to the temporary desk and urgently searches through the boxes of papers, files...he finds what he was looking for. He holds a small frame which fits in his palm.

Inside the frame is a photo of an attractive woman. Somerset pops the frame open, looks at the picture, then puts the picture in his wallet.

He looks around. The envelope which he left for Mills on top of the boxes is gone. Somerset nods to himself and sits at the temporary desk. He begins to sort through his papers.

Somerset glances over his shoulder to the trashcan. After a moment, he gets up and looks inside it. He leans down and takes a crumpled paper out. He sees it is the note he left for Mills, the list of books. Somerset seems angry, slighted. He tears the paper up and throws it away.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT -- MORNING

The apartment is furnished grandly, with windows high above the rain wet city, and modern art paintings on the walls. Beside one painting is the word GREED, written in blood.

MAN'S VOICE (o.s.)
Now, I have voiced the same concerns to the law enforcement officials, and they assure me he is the best.

Mills stands looking at a leather chair. The chair and a goodly section of the white carpet under it are covered in brown, dried blood. Mills is downtrodden and weary.

The room has been searched and dusted for prints. Two female forensics are at work. A big screen television is on in one corner and this is the source of the voice. On the screen, MARTIN TALBOT, 47, stands surrounded by reporters. Talbot is a powerful man, with a gold tooth in the front of his mouth.

A REPORTER (v.o.)
(from television)
As District Attorney, don't you feel some responsibility here? Detective Mills lacks the experience...

TALBOT (v.o.)
(from television)
I have always said...I've always said do not send a boy to do a man's job.

Mills turns to look at Talbot on the screen.

TALBOT (v.o., cont)
(from television)
But, Detective Mills has had a sterling record on the Philadelphia force. I stand behind him. He's a good man.

Mills turns, seems relieved. He looks at the chair again. From the puddle of blood underneath it, drops of blood run to an area about six feet away; as if something dripping blood were carried to this point. In this area is another large stain of blood, but there is a circular unstained portion. Something was sitting on the floor, blocking the blood from hitting this portion.

TALBOT (v.o., cont)
(from television)
However...however...let me say this. If Detective Mills, at any point in this investigation...if he is not pulling his weight, I will be the first one in line to pull his plug.

Mills walks to the television and turns it off as reporters crowd Talbot.

MILLS
(to television)
Fuck you.

Mills looks to see the two forensics looking at him. The forensics look away.

Mills walks away from the t.v., to a picture frame on the floor. The frame has been placed specifically, with the picture facing the door, as if to greet visitors.

It is a picture of a falsely pretty, middle-aged woman smiling and wearing pearls. On the glass of the frame, two circles have been drawn with blood around the woman's eyes.

Mills sits on the floor and stares at the photo.

INT. MILLS'S CAR -- MORNING

Mills gets in and slams the door. He is alone with the sound of the rain. He wipes water from his face and looks at his tired eyes in the rear view mirror. He leans over to the glove compartment and takes out two newly purchased paperbacks: The Canterbury Tales and Dante's Purgatory.

Mills makes a face and opens Dante's Purgatory to a bookmark. He rests the book on the steering wheel. He reads. He bites his lip, leaning close to the words.

He is really concentrating, mouths some of the words to himself. He finally shakes his head and closes the book, not understanding a word he's reading. He starts pounding the book against the steering wheel with all his might.

MILLS
Fucking, Dante, Goddamn, poetry writing faggot, mother...

A figure appears outside and knocks on the window. Mills rolls it down. A COP in raingear hands a wet paper bag through.

MILLS (cont)
Good work, Officer. Good work.

Mills rolls the window back, rips the bag open. Inside: Cliff Notes for Dante's Purgatory and Cliff Notes for The Canterbury Tales.

MILLS (cont)
Thank God.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SOMERSET'S OFFICE -- DAY

It still rains outside. Somerset sits at the big desk which is now Mills's. He fills out forms by hand as Mills enters with a ton of his own paperwork. Somerset looks up.

SOMERSET
(stands)
Let me get out of your way.

Mills sets his paperwork on the desk. He is beat. Somerset moves to the temporary desk. They both sit and settle in, not looking at each other.

Both attend to their work. Here are two men, about five feet apart, each trying not to acknowledge the other's presence. Mills takes his Cliff Notes out, looks to see Somerset is occupied, and hides them in a desk drawer.

Somerset finishes one form, flips it and looks at Mills. Mills sorts through photos from the greed murder. Somerset continues writing. PHONE RINGS. Both men look at it. Phone rings again.

SOMERSET
It's a package deal. You get the phone with the office.

Mills picks up.

MILLS
(into phone)
Detective Mills here.

Mills listens.

MILLS (cont)
(into phone, lowers voice)
Honey, I asked you not to call me here. I'll call you sometime...
(listens)
What? Why?

(CONTINUED)

Mills is very confused.

MILLS (cont)
(into phone)
Why? Okay...okay, hold on.

Mills clears his throat and holds out the phone to Somerset.

MILLS (cont)
It's my wife.

SOMERSET
What?

Mills shrugs. Somerset stands, takes the phone.

SOMERSET
(into phone)
Hello?
(listens)
Yes, well...it's nice to speak with you.
(listens)
Yes, well, I appreciate the thought, but... well, I guess I would be delighted to. Thank you, very much. Goodbye.

Somerset hangs up, shakes his head.

MILLS
Well?!

SOMERSET
I am invited to have a late supper at your home. And, I accept.

MILLS
How's that?

SOMERSET
Tonight.

Mills is lost. Somerset goes to sit back down.

MILLS
Well, I don't even know if I'm having dinner there tonight.

INT. MILLS'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM/KITCHENETTE -- NIGHT

Food is cooking on the stove. Tracy is in the living room area carefully setting the table with good silver and china.

The door to the apartment is heard opening and closing. Mills and Somerset come down a short hallway. Mills carries a brand new briefcase.

TRACY
Hello, men. You made it.

MILLS
Hi, honey.

Mills gives Tracy a kiss, then presents Somerset.

MILLS
I'd like you to meet Somerset.

SOMERSET
Hello.

Somerset shakes Tracy's hand lightly.

TRACY
It's nice to meet you. My husband has told me a lot about you. He...

MILLS
(cuts between them)
I'm just going to put these away.

Mills moves to the adjoining bedroom. Somerset stands with his hands folded in front of him.

SOMERSET
It smells very good.

TRACY
What? Oh, yes. I mean, thank you.
(motions to table)
Please, sit down.

Somerset nods, takes off his jacket.

TRACY (cont)
You can just put your jacket over on the couch. You'll have to excuse all the mess. We're still unpacking.

Somerset notices something on Mills's desk. It is a medal, in a small, clear case among the papers and pens.

SOMERSET
I hear you and Mills were high school sweethearts.

Somerset picks up the medal; a medal for valor from the Philadelphia Police Department. He puts it down.

TRACY
Yes, we were. Pretty hokey, huh?

Tracy is looking at the gun strapped under Somerset's arm. Somerset starts to unstrap it.

SOMERSET
It's rare these days...that kind of commitment.
(about the gun)
Don't worry. I don't wear it at the dinner table.

Tracy goes to check on the food.

TRACY
No matter how often I see guns, I can't get used to them.

Somerset lays the gun with his jacket.

SOMERSET
Same here.

Tracy laughs. Somerset goes to the table and transfers a notebook from his breast pocket to his pants pocket. A piece of paper falls to the floor, closer to Tracy.

TRACY
What girl wouldn't want the captain of the football team as their lifetime mate? Here...you dropped something.

Tracy picks it up. It is the pale, paper rose. She looks at it as she hands it back to Somerset, who is self-conscious.

TRACY
What is that?

Somerset looks at the rose, puts it away.

SOMERSET
My future.

Tracy tilts her head, looking at Somerset.

TRACY
You have a strange way about you...I mean interesting.
(more)

TRACY (cont)
I'm sorry. It was really none of my business. It's just nice to meet a man who talks like that.

She goes back to the stove.

TRACY (cont)
If David saw that paper he's say you're a fag. That's how he is.

SOMERSET
(smiles)
I guess I won't be showing it to him then.

INT. MILLS'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- LATER NIGHT

A record player on a moving box PLAYS QUIET MUSIC. Tracy, Mills and Somerset are eating. Mills has a beeper beside his plate and occasionally fingers it absently.

TRACY
Why aren't you married, Somerset?

MILLS
Tracy. What the hell?

Somerset pokes at his napkin, thinking.

SOMERSET
I was close once. It just didn't happen.

TRACY
That surprises me. It really does.

SOMERSET
Any person who spends a significant amount of time with me finds me... disagreeable. Just ask your husband.

MILLS
Very true.

Mills grins, but he means it.

TRACY
(to Somerset)
How long have you lived here?

SOMERSET
Too long.
(drinks)
Tell me what you think of it.

Tracy looks immediately to Mills.

MILLS
It takes time to settle in.

Somerset can see it is a sore subject .

SOMERSET
You get used to it pretty quickly. There are things in any city...

The plates on the table begin to clatter and rattle as a low RUMBLING is HEARD.

MILLS
Subway train.

The dishes clatter more. Coffee cups clink against their saucers. Tracy holds her coffee cup to stop it and smiles at Somerset to act like it is nothing, but she is clearly bothered.

TRACY
It'll go away in a minute.

They wait. The rumbling grows louder, knocks something over in the sink. Somerset continues eating, fiddles with his food. The record player skips, then plays on. The clattering dies down. Mills seems uncomfortable.

MILLS
This real estate guy...a real slime, brought us to see the place a few times. And, every time, I was wondering, why does he keep hurrying us along? Why will he only show it to us like five minutes at a time.

Mills laughs, lamely.

TRACY
We found out the first night.

Somerset tries to stay straight, but he can't help laughing.

SOMERSET
The soothing, relaxing vibrating home. I'm sorry...

He laughs harder, covering his mouth. Tracy and Mills laugh.

MILLS
Oh, fuck.

INT. MILLS'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- LATER NIGHT

The record player plays another album. Tracy is clearing the table. Mills and Somerset are drinking beer.

SOMERSET
All television does is teach children that it's really cool to be stupid and eat candy bars all day long.

TRACY
I've never met anyone who doesn't have a television before. That's...weird.

Tracy takes a pot of coffee to the table and pours.

MILLS
It's un-American is what it is.

Somerset shrugs.

MILLS (cont)
What about sports?

SOMERSET
What about them?

Tracy brings over a plate of cookies and puts it on the table.

MILLS
You go to movies?

SOMERSET
I read. Remember reading?

MILLS
I just have to say, I can't respect any man who's never seen Green Acres.

Somerset gives a blank stare. Tracy walks across the room.

MILLS (cont)
You've <u>never</u> seen The Odd Couple? The Flintstones?!

SOMERSET
I vaguely recall Wilma, and someone named Dino.

Tracy turns the record player down further, then goes into the bedroom and shuts the door behind her.

Somerset and Mills look at the closed door.

A long moment. They look at each other, then sit for a time. Somerset puts down his beer, sighs. He looks around.

INT. MILLS'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- LATER NIGHT

The only sounds are from the city outside. The living room table has been cleared and its surface is now covered with various forms, reports and 8" by 10" photographs. Mills is seated beside Somerset, guiding him through the photos.

MILLS
Our guy got into this rich guy Silberg's apartment. We're not sure how, but we think he acted like he was delivering a package. The doorman says he doesn't look at anybody who goes in anymore.

Somerset holds one photo: it shows the greed murder scene. Mr. Silberg sits dead in the leather chair. An old fashioned, counter balance scale is on the floor where the second area of blood stains were.

MILLS (cont)
He was tied down, nude. The killer left his arms free and handed him a big sharp carving knife. See, the scale here.

Mills pulls another photo. It is a close-up of the two-armed scale. In one suspended plate is a one pound weight. In the other is a hunk of flesh.

SOMERSET
A pound of flesh.

Mills digs, comes up with a photocopy of a hand scrawled note.

SOMERSET
(reads)
"One pound of flesh, no more, no less.
No cartilage, no bone, but only flesh.
This task done...and he would go free."

Mills takes out a photo showing the note pinned to the wall beside where greed is written in blood.

MILLS
The leather chair was drenched in sweat. He was sitting there a long time.

SOMERSET
The murderer would want Silberg to take his time. To have to sit and decide.
(more)

SOMERSET (cont)
Where would you make the first cut? There's a gun in your face...but, what part of your body is expendable?

MILLS
He cut along the side of his stomach.

SOMERSET
(studying photo)
The love handle.

MILLS
He tried for the whole pound at once, but the blood was everywhere. He went into shock.

A long silence. Somerset looks through the paperwork.

SOMERSET
No fingerprints?

Mills does not answer. Somerset looks at him.

MILLS
No. There was nothing. I even had the refrigerator pulled out, just in case.

SOMERSET
Totally unrelated victims.

Mills stands to stretch his legs.

MILLS
Yes.

SOMERSET
No witnesses of any kind?

MILLS
None, which I do not understand. How can...

SOMERSET
In this city, minding your own business is a perfected science.
(shuffles papers)
At the precinct, Sunday nights, a public crime prevention course is offered. The very first thing they teach is that you should never, ever scream "help." Always scream "fire," because people don't want to get caught up in anything.
(more)

SOMERSET (cont)
But, a fire...that's an evening's entertainment. They come running.

Somerset puts the papers down.

SOMERSET (cont)
He must have left another puzzle piece.

MILLS
Look, I appreciate being able to talk this out, but...

SOMERSET
This is...just to satisfy my curiosity. I'm leaving town on Saturday.

Mills is very tired. He rubs his eyes, then takes one more photo from his briefcase. It is a photo of the framed picture of the falsely pretty woman with her eyes circled in blood. Somerset studies it.

MILLS
His wife. She was away on business. Got back yesterday. If this means she saw anything, I don't know what. We already questioned her.

SOMERSET
And, if it's a threat?

MILLS
We put her in a safe house.

SOMERSET
This is the one thing.

Mills nods "yes."

INT. MILLS'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- LATER NIGHT

Tracy is asleep in bed with the lights still on.

INT. MILLS'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Mills and Somerset sit with their chairs facing one wall where all the photos of the greed murder scene are taped up in rows. Somerset is smoking a cigarette. The paperwork is spread out on the floor.

SOMERSET
It's like he's preaching.

MILLS
Punishing.

SOMERSET
The sins were used in medieval sermons. There were seven cardinal virtues, and then the seven deadly sins, as a learning tool. The sins distract man from true faith, true worship.

MILLS
Like in Purgatory, and The Parson's Tale.

SOMERSET
You did read them?

MILLS
Yeah. I can read.

SOMERSET
I'm just surprised.

MILLS
Right, so, look at Dante and his buddy climbing up that big mountain...seeing all these guys who sinned...

SOMERSET
Seven Terraces of Purgation.

MILLS
Anyway...pride comes first, not gluttony. The sins are in a different order.

SOMERSET
The books could be mere inspiration. The books and sermons are about atonement for sin. And, these murders have been like forced attrition.

MILLS
Pardon me? Forced what?

SOMERSET
Attrition. When you regret your sins, but not because you love God.

MILLS
Like, because a guy's holding a gun on you.

Mills runs his hands across his face. Somerset stands and stares at the murder photos.

SOMERSET
When did the wife find the body?

MILLS
She didn't. The door to the apartment was left open and a neighbor...

SOMERSET
What? You said she found it.

MILLS
No. I said she got back from business. We were already on scene. We had identification on him.

Somerset takes a photo of the wife's picture down. He points to the eyes circled in blood.

SOMERSET
She has seen something...or is supposed to see something.

MILLS
But, what?

INT. SAFE HOUSE -- NIGHT

The room is like a hotel room. Mills stands beside the woman from the picture, MRS. SILBERG. Mills shows her photos from the murder scene. The photos have been covered in sections to hide the husband's corpse. Mrs. Silberg is crying. Somerset is on the other side of the room, holding more photos.

MILLS
I'm sorry about this, Mrs. Silberg. I really am.

MRS. SILBERG
I...I don't understand.

Mills helps her flip through the photos. He is shaken himself, not wanting to put her through this.

MILLS
I just need you to look carefully at each one, very carefully. Look for anything that seems strange or out of place. Anything at all.

MRS. SILBERG
I don't know why...why now?

MILLS
Please. I need you to help me if we're going to get the guy who did this.

Mrs. Silberg sobs quietly, wipes her tears.

MILLS (cont)
Anything...anything missing or different.

MRS. SILBERG
I don't see anything.

MILLS
Are you sure? Absolutely sure?

MRS. SILBERG
I can't do this right now...please.

Mills looks to Somerset, looks at the photos Somerset holds.

MILLS
Maybe we should wait on those.

Somerset looks at the photos in his hand. These photos show Mr. Silberg's corpse in the chair, not covered in any way.

SOMERSET
It should be now. There may be something we're not seeing.

MRS. SILBERG
Wait. Here...

MILLS
What is it?

Mrs. Silberg points at a modern art painting on the wall in one photo. The painting is just splattered paint, abstract.

MRS. SILBERG
This painting...

MILLS
What?

MRS. SILBERG
Why is this painting hanging upside-down?

Mills jerks his head towards Somerset.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT -- NIGHT

This is where the greed murder took place. Somerset and Mills stand in front of the modern art painting. Somerset wears gloves and reaches to take the painting off the wall.

SOMERSET
You're sure your guys didn't move this.

MILLS
Even if they did, those photos were taken before forensics.

Nothing on the wall behind the painting. Blank space.

MILLS (cont)
Nothing.

SOMERSET
This has got to be it.

Somerset puts the painting down, resting it on its bottom edge. The painting is backed by a thick sheet of brown paper stapled into the wooden frame.

SOMERSET (cont)
This has to be.

He points to where the wire used to be screwed into the frame, and to where it has been rescrewed.

SOMERSET (cont)
He changed the wire to rehang it.

Somerset takes out his switchblade. Mills is surprised.

MILLS
What the fuck is that?

SOMERSET
A switchblade.

Somerset cuts along the edge of the brown paper to get to the hollow space between it and the canvas. He cuts out the entire sheet. Mills helps pull it away. Nothing. Empty. Mills looks at both sides of the paper, then tosses it away.

MILLS
Nothing!

Somerset lays the painting face up on the floor. He pokes his finger on the painted surface.

SOMERSET
It has to be something.

MILLS
Damn it!

Somerset brings the flat of his blade against the painting, tries to peel some of the paint.

MILLS (cont)
The killer didn't paint the damn thing!
Give it up!

Somerset pushes the painting away, stands, frustrated.

SOMERSET
There must be something.

MILLS
He screwed us!

Somerset backs away from the wall, staring at the space where the painting hung. There is only a nail. He stares intently, then turns and walks out of this room.

Mills presses his hands against his temples, furious. Somerset can be heard from the other room, going through drawers, dropping things on the floor. Glass is heard breaking.

Mills picks up a lamp and throws it to the floor.

MILLS (cont)
That motherfucker!

Somerset comes back in, holding something in his hand. He steps over the lamp and goes to the blank wall space.

MILLS
What?

SOMERSET
Bear with me.

Mills watches. Somerset has a woman's make-up compact in hand. He uses the soft brush to begin applying the red make-up powder to the wall around the nail.

MILLS
Oh, yeah, sure! You got to be kidding!?

SOMERSET
Just wait!

Somerset brushes with a few wider strokes. He leans very close to the wall, studies the powder. Leans closer still. Pause.

SOMERSET (cont)
Call the print lab. Now!

INT. MILLS'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Tracy is asleep with the lights still on. She stirs, then awakens and sits up slowly. She squints from the light, looks around and listens. All she hears is traffic. SOME WOMAN is SCREAMING a high pitched scream from far away outside.

INT. MILLS'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Tracy opens the door and enters. She sees Mills and Somerset are gone. The RUMBLING of the SUBWAY TRAIN is HEARD starting. The room begins to rattle as before.

Tracy stands still, seems frightened, all alone.

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The male forensic from the gluttony murder scene is here. He has a magnifying glass which he is using to study a very clear fingerprint in black powder on the wall.

FORENSIC
Oh, man...

MILLS (o.s.)
Talk to me.

The forensic bites his lip, still studying.

Mills and Somerset are watching the forensic who works offscreen.

MILLS (cont)
(to Somerset)
Just, honestly...have you ever seen anything like this? Been involved in anything like this?

SOMERSET
No. I have not.

FORENSIC (o.s.)
Well, I can tell you this, boys...

The forensic steps down from a stool.

Behind him, where the painting once was, are fingerprints, clear and distinct. The prints have been left, one after the other, to form letters which form the words: HELP ME.

FORENSIC (cont)
...just by studying the shape of the underloop on these, they are <u>not</u> the victim's prints.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, PRINT LAB -- NIGHT

Dark. A TECHNICIAN sits before an old computer. The computer's green screen shows fingerprint patterns being aligned, compared, and then rejected; whir - click - whir - click - whir - click. Mills and Somerset watch, bathed in a green glow.

MILLS
He just may be nuts enough.

SOMERSET
It doesn't fit. I don't think he wants us to help him stop.

MILLS
Who the hell knows? There's plenty of schizoids out there doing dirty deeds they don't want to do. You know, little voices tell them things.

Somerset doesn't buy it. The technician adjusts a knob, then turns to the detectives.

TECHNICIAN
I've seen this baby take as long as three days to make a match, so, you guys can go cross your fingers somewhere else.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Somerset and Mills come out of the print lab. A janitor is mopping the hall. The computer is heard whirring and clicking onwards. Somerset sits with a groan on a couch outside the print lab door. Mills flops beside him.

SOMERSET
You really meant what you said to Mrs. Silberg, didn't you? What you said about us catching this guy. You really want to believe that, don't you?

MILLS
And you don't?

SOMERSET
You really are green.

MILLS
Fuck you.

SOMERSET
(laughs, very tired)
I wish I still thought like you. I'm just, so far gone from that.

MILLS
Then, you tell me what you think we're doing.

SOMERSET
All we do is pick up the pieces. We take all the evidence, and all the pictures and samples. We write everything down and note what time things happened.

MILLS
Oh, that's all. I see now.

SOMERSET
We are file clerks, because we take all our evidence, make a nice neat pile, then file it away, just in case it's ever needed in a courtroom.
(pause)
Mostly, it's like collecting diamonds on a deserted desert island. You keep them just in case you ever get rescued, but, it's a pretty big ocean out there.

MILLS
Bullshit.

SOMERSET
I'm sorry. But, even the most promising clues usually lead only to other clues. I've seen so many corpses put away...unrevenged.

MILLS
I've seen the same. I'm not the country hick-boy you seem to think I am.

SOMERSET
In this city, if all the skeletons came out of all the closets...if every hidden body were to suddenly rise and walk again, I think there'd be no more room for the living.

Somerset slumps back, takes out a cigarette and lights it.

MILLS
Don't tell me you didn't feel that rush tonight, that adrenalin, like we were getting somewhere.

Mills sits back on the couch, closes his eyes.

MILLS (cont)
And, don't try to tell me it was because you found something that would play well in a courtroom.

Somerset looks at Mills, who crosses his arms to sleep. Somerset puffs on the cigarette. The computer is heard: whir - click - whir - click.

INSERT -- TITLE CARD

THURSDAY

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, HALLWAY -- EARLY MORNING

Mills and Somerset are fast asleep on the couch, leaning against each other. People pass and look strangely at them. A man steps in front of the couch. He reaches with both hands to slap their faces simultaneously.

It is the captain leaning over them.

CAPTAIN
Wake up, Glimmer Twins. We have a winner!

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, READY ROOM -- MORNING

A windowless classroom. The captain stands at a podium in front with a white screen at his side. The face of a black man, ZERO, 25, is projected on the screen from a slide projector.

CAPTAIN
His street name is Zero, as many of you know, and his prints were found at the scene by Detectives Mills and Somerset.

FIVE hardened POLICE OFFICERS, four men and one woman, sit in chairs facing the captain. They all wear bullet-proof vests with the word POLICE spray-painted across them.

Somerset and Mills sit in back, drinking coffee, still asleep.

CAPTAIN (cont)
Now, Zero has a long, long history of mental illness. Serious illness. He...

Two of the cops in the front row are talking.

CAPTAIN (cont)
Hey, you two can shut-up now!

The two cops separate like huge, embarrassed school children.

CAPTAIN (cont)
Thank you, fuckheads. Now, Zero was all over your television sets two years ago after he raped and killed a seventy-three year old woman.
(pause)
He did not go to jail. He got off, as the saying goes, on a technicality. We kept an eye on him, but he went out of circulation about a year ago.

FEMALE COP
If he disappeared, what do you want from us?

CAPTAIN
His last place of residence is still in his name. A search warrant is being pushed through the courts as we speak.

RED HEADED COP
So, have the housing cops walk up and ring the doorbell.

The cops laugh. The captain is clenching his jaw, angry.

CAPTAIN
Listen, California. When you go in there, if Zero ain't home, one of his buddies might be house sitting, so you go in guns first. Besides using, Zero deals. And we know what kind of crowd he runs with.

There is some chatter among the cops.

CAPTAIN (cont)
This is what the D.A. has a hard-on for right now, Ladies and Germs, so we do not question why.

Mills leans to Somerset while the captain continues the briefing. They whisper.

MILLS
Does this make it with you?

SOMERSET
Does not seem like our man, does it?

MILLS
You tell me. I'm new in town.

SOMERSET
Zero does possess the requisite degree of insanity...but, he doesn't have the desire somehow. Our killer seems to have more purpose. More purpose than Zero could ever conceive of.

MILLS
The fingerprints.

SOMERSET
Yes. They were there...so, it must be.

MILLS
We'll tag along.

Somerset wants no part of that.

SOMERSET
Why would we?

MILLS
(smiles)
Satisfy our curiosity?

INT. MILLS'S CAR -- MORNING

Mills drives, follows a police van. Somerset rides shotgun. Mills seems pumped and ready. Somerset takes two Rolaids off a fresh roll and chews them.

MILLS
You ever take one?

Somerset pulls out his gun and opens it to check the load.

SOMERSET
No. Never in twenty-four years. I took my gun out only five times with the actual intention of using it. Never fired it, not once.
(closes his gun)
You?

MILLS
Never took a bullet. The gun...I pulled it once. Fired it once.

SOMERSET
And?

MILLS
It was my first one of these. We were a secondary unit, and I was pretty shaky going in. I was still considered a rookie.

Mills takes a corner, tires screeching.

MILLS (cont)
We busted the door, looking for this junkie, right, and the guy just opened fire. A buddy of mine was hit in the arm, and he went flying...like in slow motion.
(pause)
I remember riding in the ambulance. His arm was like jello, just a piece of meat. Surprised the hell out of me when he bled to death right then and there.

A pause.

SOMERSET
How did the fire fight end?

MILLS
I got him. I got that son-of-a-bitch. See, I was doing really good in Philly up till then. Lots of street busts. I've always had this weird luck...everything's always gone my way. But, this was wild.
(pause)
I got the guy with one shot...right between the eyes. Next thing I know, the mayor's pinning a medal on me, picture in the paper, whole nine yards.

Somerset unrolls the window, feels the air on his face.

SOMERSET
How was it?

MILLS
I expected it to be bad because I heard about other guys.
(more)

MILLS (cont)
You know, I took a human life...but, I slept like a baby that night. I never gave it a second thought.

SOMERSET
I think Hemingway wrote somewhere, I can't remember where, but he wrote that in order to live in a city like this one, you have to have the ability to kill. I think he meant you truly must be able to do it, not just faking it, to survive.

MILLS
Sounds like he knew what he was talking about.

INT. SLUM BUILDING, STAIRWELL -- MORNING

The five cops from the briefing, fully geared up and ready, rifles and handguns out, move quickly up the stairs in single file. Somerset and Mills follow, guns out. Somerset is sweating bullets. Mills is wild eyed, juiced.

Crack viles and hypodermic needles on the stairs crunch under the cops' heavy boots.

INT. SLUM HALLWAY -- MORNING

The cops enter the dank hall. They move cautiously. A man is lying on the floor, looking up, helpless, with dead eyes.

A door opens and a woman peeks out. The female cop points her gun and the door slams shut.

California, the big, red-headed cop leading the group, steps up to apartment 303. He has a search warrant scotch-taped to the front of his bullet-proof vest.

CALIFORNIA
(to black cop)
This is it. Give it up.

The black cop hoists a heavy battering ram to California. The other cops get on both sides of the door. Somerset and Mills hang back a few feet, watching their backs.

BLACK COP
(points to Mills)
Cops go before Dicks.

Many people are sticking their heads out of doors in the hall.

CALIFORNIA
Police!! Open the door!!

California brings the ram forward with a splintering thud -- once -- twice. The door flies open. The cops storm in.

INT. SLUM APARTMENT, MAIN ROOM -- MORNING

The apartment is incredibly dusty. The cops charge down the short hall into this room where a bed sits against the far wall. California moves up to the bed. Someone lies under the sheets. Three other cops move, all training their weapons on the bed.

CALIFORNIA
Good morning, Sweetheart!!

A blond cop goes into another room.

California moves closer to the bed, gun up.

CALIFORNIA (cont)
Get up, now, motherfucker!! NOW!!

INT. SLUM APARTMENT, ADJOINING ROOM -- MORNING

The blond cop enters, gun trained, looks around in confusion.

The room's tables, chairs and floor, are covered with hundreds of colorful, plastic air fresheners.

INT. SLUM APARTMENT, MAIN ROOM -- MORNING

Mills and Somerset enter. Somerset looks at the cops around the bed, then looks at a nearby wall. His mouth drops in horror. On the wall, written in excrement: SLOTH.

SOMERSET
Jesus Christ.

California kicks the bed, enraged.

CALIFORNIA
I said get up, Sleepyhead!!

He pulls the sheets off the bed and reveals the shriveled, sore-covered form of a black man who is blindfolded and tied to the bed with a thin wire which has been wrapped time and time again around the mattress and bedframe. Tubes run out from a stained loincloth around the man's waist and snake under the bed.

CALIFORNIA
Oh, fuck me!

Mills pushes past the other cops.

MILLS
Holy shit.

The cops recoil from the stench. Somerset steps up, putting his gun away.

SOMERSET
Zero?

BLACK COP
What the hell is this?

CALIFORNIA
(to Somerset)
Check this out, Dick.

California points with his gun to the end of the black man's right arm. The hand is gone, severed at the wrist long ago.

MILLS
It is Zero.

SOMERSET
(points to a cop)
Call an ambulance!

The blond cop enters from the other room.

BLOND COP
What the fuck is this?

CALIFORNIA
Somebody call a hearse, more like.

The female cop has gone to one wall where a sheet is pinned up. She pulls the sheet down. Pinned behind the sheet are fifty-two polaroid pictures; all pictures of Zero tied to the bed, with a date written at the bottom of each picture. It is a visual history of Zero's physical decay.

BLOND COP
What is going on?

Mills sees the female cop looking at the pictures.

MILLS
Hey, California, get your people out!

Somerset takes out rubber gloves and puts them on.

CALIFORNIA
You heard him. Hit the hall, and don't touch anything.

Somerset replaces the sheet over Zero, but not over his head.

The cops file out and Mills goes to examine the pictures. California stays by the bed with Somerset.

CALIFORNIA
It looks like he's some kind of friggin' wax sculpture or something.

Somerset places his finger along Zero's throat.

MILLS
Somerset, you...you better look here.

Mills looks at the photos in awe. Somerset joins him.

MILLS (cont)
All pictures of Zero tied to the bed.
(crouches)
The last one is dated three days ago.

Somerset looks at the first photo. In it, Zero is bound and gagged, but he is healthy.

SOMERSET
The first one...is dated one year ago.
To the day.

Somerset wipes his pale face.

California stands by the corpse, behind Somerset and Mills. He lifts the sheet to look under.

CALIFORNIA
Mother...

Mills kneels and lifts the sheet which had covered the pictures off the floor. There is an open shoebox underneath.

MILLS
What the...

On the side of the box: TO THE DETECTIVES, FROM ME.

California leans close to Zero's gaunt, blindfolded face, examining with morbid curiosity.

CALIFORNIA
You got what you deserved, Zero.

Somerset leans down beside Mills. Mills looks through the shoebox. Inside are plastic, zip-lock bags. One bag contains small clumps of hair, one contains a yellow liquid...

MILLS
(looking at bags)
A urine sample, hair sample...stool sample. Fingernails...
(looks at Somerset)
He's laughing at us.

California is still close to Zero's face, when suddenly Zero's lips twist open and Zero lets out a loud, guttural bark.

California jerks back, shouting in fear, falling over a chair to the floor.

Mills and Somerset reel, standing. They see California on the ground, scared out of his mind, pointing.

CALIFORNIA
He's alive!

Somerset and Mills look towards the bed.

Zero's lips move feebly as he lets out a sick, gurgling moan.

CALIFORNIA (cont)
He's still alive!!

EXT. SLUM APARTMENT BUILDING -- MORNING

A crowd has gathered at the entrance. Mills's car, the police van and two ambulances are parked on the sidewalk.

INT. SLUM HALLWAY -- MORNING

The cops are in the hall holding neighbors at bay.

INT. SLUM APARTMENT, MAIN ROOM -- MORNING

Three ambulance attendants are at the bed, working on Zero. One attendant uses wire cutters to clip Zero's bonds.

INT. SLUM STAIRWELL -- MORNING

Mills and Somerset are standing in the middle of one flight of stairs. Both are highly agitated.

SOMERSET
The way this has gone till now, I didn't think it was possible, but we may have underestimated this guy.

MILLS
I can't tell. I'm still spinning.

SOMERSET
The type of intestinal fortitude it must take...to keep a man bound for a full year. To connect tubes to his genitals and rectum. To sever his hand and use it to plant fingerprints!

MILLS
I want him bad. I don't just want to catch him anymore. I want to hurt him.

SOMERSET
Listen to me. He is all about playing mind games.

MILLS
No kidding! No fucking kidding!

SOMERSET
We have to divorce ourselves from our emotions here. No matter how hard it is. We must stay focused on the small details.

MILLS
I don't know about you, Somerset, but I feed off my emotions.

SOMERSET
He's attacking us, and he'll string us along all the way if we're not careful.

Mills is looking down at the floor, still burning with anger. Somerset grabs him by the jacket.

SOMERSET (cont)
Are you listening to me?

Mills pushes Somerset's hand off.

MILLS
I hear you.

There is a sudden, brilliant flash of light and the SOUND of a CAMERA ADVANCING. Mills and Somerset look.

Down the stairs, a REPORTER has his camera up, pointed at them.

REPORTER
Say cheese.

He takes another picture, flashbulb flashing.

Mills goes down the stairs, grabs the reporter, a short, balding, almost silly looking man with thick glasses and wrinkled clothing.

MILLS
What the fuck are you doing here?!

The reporter squirms, holds up a laminated press pass on a cord around his neck.

REPORTER
I have a right, Officer. I...

Mills shoves him, and the reporter stumbles a few steps, then falls to the landing with a thud.

MILLS
That doesn't mean anything to me! This is a closed crime scene now!

Somerset steps down and pulls Mills back. The shaken reporter stands uneasily.

REPORTER
You can't do this!! You can't...

MILLS
Get the fuck out of here!

The reporter scrambles down the next flight, out of sight.

REPORTER (o.s.)
The public has the right to know!

Somerset yanks Mills back harder, till Mills sits on the stairs.

MILLS
How do those cockroaches get here so quick?

SOMERSET
They pay cops for the inside scoop, and they pay well, so you better...

MILLS
(calming)
I'm sorry...I'm sorry...

SOMERSET
You can hate them, but you better learn to act like their best friend. Because, if you don't give them something, they'll just make it all up.

MILLS
I'm sorry...I just...

SOMERSET
(sarcastic)
Oh, it's alright.

Somerset starts down the stairs.

SOMERSET
It's always impressive to see a man feeding off his emotions.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Somerset and Mills are with DOCTOR BEARDSLEY. Zero lies inside and oxygen tent with tubes running into him. The room is dim.

DOCTOR
A year of immobility seems about right, judging by the deterioration of the muscles and the spine. Blood tests show a whole smorgasbord of drugs in his system; from crack and heroin, to an antibiotic which must have been administered to keep the bed sores from infecting.

Mills looks into the oxygen tent.

MILLS
He hasn't said anything, or tried to express himself in any way?

DOCTOR
Even if his brain were not mush, which it is...he chewed off his own tongue long ago.

Mills winces, moves away from the bed.

MILLS
There's no way he'll survive?

DOCTOR
Detective, he'd die right now of shock if you were to shine a flashlight in his eyes.

Silence for a moment, then the doctor lets out a chuckle.

DOCTOR (cont)
It's just funny to think. He's experienced about as much pain and suffering as anyone I've encountered...give or take...and he still has hell to look forward to.

He chuckles again. Mills looks at Somerset like, "this guy's nuts."

INT. SOMERSET'S OFFICE -- DAY

A blackboard is nailed to the wall. Written in chalk:

1 ~~gluttony~~	5 wrath
2 ~~greed~~	6 pride
3 ~~sloth~~	7 lust
4 envy	

Somerset and Mills are at their paperwork covered desks.

SOMERSET
(reading one sheet)
Zero's landlord says an envelope of cash was in the office mailbox each month. He says, quote, "This guy I never heard a single complaint from, and nobody ever complained about him. He's the best tenant I've ever had."

MILLS
A landlord's dream tenant: a paralyzed man with no tongue.

SOMERSET
Who pays the rent on time.

Somerset throws the paper. He turns to the typewriter, types.

Mills fills out a form by hand. He makes an error and tries to erase, but the paper rips. He curses and crumples it.

MILLS
I don't want to sit around, just waiting for this guy to kill again!

SOMERSET
This is the job. It's not an Easter egg hunt.

MILLS
There must be something in this pile of garbage. Something we can follow up on.

SOMERSET
Have you realized, the reason we have nothing? It is most probably because this murderer is a genius.

MILLS
He's insane.

SOMERSET
Those qualities are not mutually exclusive. It is a fine line...

MILLS
Hey, Freud, what brand of bullshit are you shoveling now?! The guy's a fruitcake!

Somerset stands and goes to look at the blackboard.

SOMERSET
What was the last book you read before Dante's Purgatory?

MILLS
I don't know. It was...

SOMERSET
T.V. Guide, maybe?

MILLS
It was a book about a spy...

SOMERSET
Whatever it was, it wasn't The Canterbury Tales. It wasn't The Divine Comedy. You struggled through those only because they became required reading. Look...

Somerset picks up a photocopy of the first note.

SOMERSET (cont)
Look at this quote. "Long is the way, and hard..." I looked it up. It's from Milton's Paradise Lost. He probably breezes through Milton, and these are the philosophies that fill his mind.

MILLS
You can spit out theories all day...

SOMERSET
Look at the things he's done! Just realize, that this is not some common lunatic. He is methodical -- exacting.

MILLS
And I say just because the bastard has a library card, it don't make him Einstein! We could be completely off base with all this book stuff, and you know it!

Something clicks for Somerset and he stops, thinking.

MILLS (cont)
He may have seen the seven deadly sins in...in a Spiderman comicbook. He could be just...just...

Mills realizes Somerset is not listening.

MILLS (cont)
What? What is it?

Somerset sits. Ponders, staring off into space. Mills waits.

SOMERSET
I can't talk about it here. I don't know if I can tell you at all.

Somerset stands up and takes money out of his pockets.

SOMERSET (cont)
How much money do you have?

MILLS
I don't know...like fifty.

Somerset picks up the phone, dials. Mills doesn't know what's going on.

SOMERSET
(to Mills)
I propose a field trip.

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY -- DAY

Somerset walks through the busy main library, goes to a group of computer terminals. Mills follows, wound up. Somerset sits at one computer and works the keyboard, hunt-and-peck.

MILLS
Somerset, what the fuck?!

Several people turn to shush him. Somerset takes out a pad.

SOMERSET
At the top of the list, we'll put Purgatory, Canterbury Tales...anything relating the seven deadly sins. Now, imagine what kinds of things the killer might read. What would he need to study to do the things he's done? What are his other interests? For example...

INSERT -- COMPUTER SCREEN

Somerset types in on the screen: SEARCH: JACK THE RIPPER.

EXT. HOT DOG WORLD -- DAY

The restaurant's sign reads: HOT DOG WORLD, HOME OF THE WORLD'S BIGGEST DOGS. A MAN is trying to give out paper advertisements. People walk out of their way to avoid him.

MAN
(to people)
Take one, you stupid fucks!! Here, take one! It's a fucking coupon! Take it!

INT. HOT DOG WORLD -- DAY

Mills and Somerset are in a booth, both on the same seat on one side of the table. They look over their list of books. Mills goes to eat a hot dog, but Somerset stops him.

SOMERSET
This place had about fifty health violations during its last inspection.

Mills throws the dog down, looks at his watch.

MILLS
Could you at least sit across from me? I just don't want people to think we're dating.

Somerset watches a strange MAN, wearing a black suit, enter. The man's hair is slicked and greasy.

SOMERSET
Give me your money.

Mills hands his money to Somerset.

MILLS
I'm handing you this money, and for some strange reason, I have the idea I should know what the fuck we're doing.

Somerset folds the money with his own into the list of books. He holds the list in his lap, under the table. The greasy man sits at the table.

GREASY MAN
Hey, Somerset. How are you? I didn't know this was going to be a menage-a-trois.

SOMERSET
It's no problem.

GREASY MAN
Only for you I do this. Big risk here, so I figure we'll be even up after this. All fair and square.

The greasy man has his hands under the table. He gets up to leave with his hand in his pocket. He picks up Mills's dog.

GREASY MAN
About an hour.

The greasy man leaves, eating the hot dog.

MILLS
Well, that was money well spent. What a delight!

SOMERSET
Let's go.

INT. PIZZA PARLOR -- DAY

Mills and Somerset sit with a pizza before them.

SOMERSET
By telling you this, I'm trusting you more than I trust most people. Certainly more than I've ever trusted anyone I've know only a few days.

MILLS
And, it would be best if you got to the point, cause I'm about ready to punch you in the face.

Somerset leans closer to Mills, speaks quietly.

SOMERSET
It is probably nothing, but if it is it will be no skin off our teeth. The man at Hot Dog World is a friend, in the Bureau.

MILLS
Him?

SOMERSET
For a long time, the F.B.I. has been hooked into the city's library systems, keeping very accurate records.

MILLS
They're assessing fines now?

SOMERSET
They keep lists of who takes out what books. They monitor our reading habits.

MILLS
What?

SOMERSET
Not every person is monitored. Certain books are flagged...books about, let's say, how to build a nuclear bomb, or even Mein Kampf. Whoever takes out a flagged book has their library records fed to the F.B.I. computer from then on.

MILLS
You got to be kidding.

SOMERSET
The flagged books cover every topic the Bureau deems questionable...from communism to violent crime.

MILLS
How is this legal?

SOMERSET
Legal...illegal. These terms do not apply. I don't applaud it, but it is exactly the type of activity the public wants the F.B.I. and the C.I.A. to engage in. Until they find out it's actually happening, then they scream bloody murder.

Somerset takes a bite of pizza.

SOMERSET (cont)
The F.B.I. can't use this information directly, but, it is a useful guide. It might sound silly, but you can't get a library card without i.d. and a current phone bill.

Mills is starting to warm to it.

MILLS
So they'll run our list.

SOMERSET
If you want to know who's been reading Paradise Lost, Purgatory, and say, The Life and Times of Charlie Manson, the Bureau's computer can probably tell you. It can give us a name.

MILLS
Yeah, a college student who's taking English 101 and just happens to be writing a paper on Twentieth Century Crime.

SOMERSET
Yes, well...at least we're out of the office now. We've got pizza.

MILLS
How do you know about all this?

SOMERSET
I don't. And now, neither do you.

Somerset looks up. The greasy man is entering the pizza parlor.

INT. SOMERSET'S CAR -- DAY

The car is parked with Somerset at the wheel and Mills beside. They are looking through pages of connected computer paper.

MILLS
This is a waste of time.

SOMERSET
We're focusing.

MILLS
I know, I know...focusing on one little thing.

SOMERSET
(reads aloud)
The Divine Comedy. A History of Catholicism. A book called Murderers and Madmen.

He hands the sheets to Mills. Mills looks them over.

MILLS
(reading)
Modern Homicide Investigation. In Cold Blood. Of Human Bondage. Human bondage?

SOMERSET
It's not what you think it is.

MILLS
(reads)
The Marquis de Sade and Origins of Sadism.

SOMERSET
That is.

MILLS
(reads)
The writings of Saint Thomas Aqu...Aquin...

SOMERSET
(starts the car)
Saint Thomas Aquinas. He wrote about the seven deadly sins.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY -- DAY

Somerset and Mills walk up the stairs and turn a corner into this hall. Somerset is looking at the computer sheets.

MILLS
You sure you're reading that right? John Doe?

SOMERSET
That's what it says. Johnathan Doe.

MILLS
This is stupid. It would just be too easy.

SOMERSET
We'll take a look at him. Talk to him.

MILLS
Excuse me, Mr. Doe, but are you by any chance a serial killer? Oh, you are? Well, come with us then, if it's okay.

They reach a door, apartment 3A. Somerset knocks. SOMEONE else can be HEARD CLIMBING THE STAIRS they just came up.

MILLS (cont)
What are you going to say to him?

SOMERSET
You do the talking. Put that old silver tongue of yours to work.

MILLS
Who told you about my silver tongue? You been talking to my wife?

Mills knocks on the door, hard.

MILLS (cont)
This is lame...

Whoever is climbing the stairs is HEARD close to the top, offscreen. Mills turns to look towards the stairs.

MILLS (cont)
Really...

A MALE FIGURE is standing at the top of the stairs, wearing a hat and standing in shadow, looking towards them. the man lets out a scream of horror and reaches into his coat.

MILLS (cont)
Somerset!!

GUNFIRE SOUNDS as Mills and Somerset hit the floor. A bullet slams into door 3A behind them. Another bullet explodes, knocking plaster off the wall. A third shot follows and the man is heard running back down the stairs.

MILLS (cont)
It's him!!

Mills gets up, unholsters his gun and cocks it.

MILLS (cont)
Jesus Christ, we can get this fucker!!

Mills moves to the railing of the stairs. Somerset gets up and takes out his own gun, dazed.

Mills moves to the railing. The stairwell is silent, the man has stopped running. Mills peers over the railing through the space in the stairwell's center, gun pointed. A HEAVY, METAL CLICK is HEARD from below and Mills leaps backwards as bullets begin raining up accompanied by the SOUND of an UZI MACHINE GUN FIRING.

Somerset gets on the floor and he and Mills crawl away from the railing. Bullets soar unceasingly, shattering the railing and shredding the floor around it.

Mills and Somerset cringe, holding their hands over their ears against the deafening sound of the machine gun. Pieces of wood and plaster fly in all directions. The uzi stops and the man can be heard running again.

Mills gets up, covered in debris. He goes to the stairs.

Somerset rolls over, gets up more slowly. He looks back at door 3A, then goes to follow Mills into the smoky stairwell.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, REAR -- DAY

Mills rushes out into a weedy, overgrown courtyard. He sees a THIN VAGRANT sleeping on the building's junk pile, then looks all directions. Mills's eyes are filled with fear and his gun hand is shaking.

The courtyard is surrounded by alleyways. The man could have gone anywhere and is nowhere in sight. Somerset comes out of the building as Mills puts his gun away. Somerset's face is wet with sweat.

MILLS
Are you alright?

SOMERSET
Yeah, I think so.

They look at each other for a long, silent moment, both realizing they came very close to dying.

Mills looks around. Some of the building's other tenants are looking down through their curtains. Mills moves to the door.

MILLS
Go call it in.

Somerset takes Mills's arm. Mills pulls away, passes.

SOMERSET
Wait...just wait.

Mills turns back in the doorway.

MILLS
It had to be him.

INT. BUILDING -- DAY

Mills turns through the door, leaving Somerset, but Somerset comes into the hall and grabs him roughly.

SOMERSET
You can't go in there!

MILLS
The hell I can't! We get in there and we can stop this guy! We'll know who he is!

Mills shoves Somerset off.

SOMERSET
We need a warrant! We...

MILLS
We have probable cause, now!

Somerset grabs Mills and shoves him. Mills stumbles and falls.

SOMERSET
Think about it!

MILLS
What the fuck is wrong with you?!

Mills gets up and continues. Somerset runs and spins him around.

SOMERSET
Think about how we got here!

Somerset still holds the computer paper, now crumpled in his hand. He waves it in Mills's face.

SOMERSET (cont)
We can't tell anyone about this!! We can't tell them about the Bureau, so we have no reason for being here!

Mills stops struggling. He's breathing hard, seething.

MILLS
Once we get in there, we'll know what this guy is. We can stop him!

SOMERSET
Think it through. If we leave a hole like this, we'll never be able to prosecute.

Somerset releases Mills.

SOMERSET (cont)
We have to come up with some excuse for knocking on this door, or we will have nothing.

MILLS
Okay...okay...

Mills turns to the wall, frustrated. He puts his palms to the wall and breathes to calm himself. He pushes his fingers, cracking his knuckles.

MILLS (cont)
Okay...how much money do we have left?

INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- EARLY EVENING

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS, Mills stands beside the thin vagrant who was sleeping on the junk pile. The vagrant is sitting on the floor, talking to a POLICEMAN who writes, taking the statement. Mills watches.

THIN VAGRANT
So, I...I noticed this guy going out... going out a lot when those murders were happening. So...so I...

The vagrant is drunk and out of it.

MILLS
You called Detective Somerset?

THIN VAGRANT
Yeah, I...I called the detective. Because, because this guy seemed...creepy. And, one of them murders was over there...over... nearby here. I...I called the cops...

The vagrant wipes drool from his lips. Mills is searching the policeman's face for suspicion.

MILLS
I've told you the rest. Does it seem clear to you?

POLICEMAN
Yeah, whatever.

MILLS
Have him sign it before he passes out.

UP THE STAIRWELL, several forensics are collecting shell casings.

The casing are scattered all the way up the stairs and around a bend. ONE FORENSIC walks upstairs beside another COP.

ONE FORENSIC
(to policeman)
I hear he's running around with an uzi in one hand and a book of poetry in the other.

COP
A real, modern day renaissance man, huh?

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, Somerset leans against the wall by 3A. Two detectives SARA and BILLY stand with him, waiting.

Somerset has a beeper in hand and stares at the destroyed railing and floor around the stairwell.

INT. COURTHOUSE, JUDGE'S CHAMBERS -- EARLY EVENING

Martin Talbot has the phone to his ear, listens to it RINGING. He watches as a judge reads a three-page document. The judge grunts, turns to the last page and signs at the dotted line.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- EARLY EVENING

PHONE RINGS. The captain picks it up.

CAPTAIN
(into phone)
Hello.

TALBOT (v.o.)
(from phone)
Go.

INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, GROUND FLOOR -- EARLY EVENING

Mills is alone with the thin vagrant who stands, barely. Mills shoves some money in the vagrant's pocket and leads him out.

MILLS
Go drink yourself happy.

There is the SOUND of a BEEPER GOING OFF from far away.

INT. JOHN DOE'S BUILDING. THIRD FLOOR -- EARLY EVENING

The beeper in Somerset's hand is BEEPING. Somerset looks at it and switches it off.

INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT -- EARLY EVENING

BOOM -- the door to the apartment is knocked open by Mills who holds a small battering ram. Mills drops the ram and enters with Somerset. They both wear surgical gloves. It's dark.

MILLS
(to Sara and Billy)
Give us first crack at it.

Sara and Billy wait in the hall. Somerset hits a switch on the wall and a lamp illuminates a desk. The desk is in the center of the room, facing them. The room is neat and clean. The walls are painted black. The windows are painted over.

The far wall is made of shelves filled with books. Mills goes to the desk while Somerset goes to the books. Books: A History of Theology. Handbook of Firearms. A History Of the World. Summa Theologica. United States Criminal Law Review.

Mills looks at the desktop. It is tidy. The only blatantly strange thing is a set of deep notches cut into the wooden surface; three notches. He picks up a paper from the front of a letter holder.

It is a red receipt from WILD BILL'S LEATHER SHOP. Written: CUSTOM JOB, PAID IN FULL, $502.64. Mills puts the receipt down and opens the middle desk drawer. It's empty except for The Holy Bible.

Somerset walks to a black door. He opens it.

INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, ROOM TWO -- EARLY EVENING

Somerset enters. The ceiling light is on. There are bookshelves on three walls, filled with notebooks. Thousands of notebooks.

Somerset takes one notebook down. It is a thick composition book with a blank cover. Inside, the pages are filled with small handwritten sentences which take up every inch.

He takes down another notebook and opens it. Same as the first; filled with tiny scribbled sentences.

He walks to another wall, pulls another notebook. Same deal.

SOMERSET
Jesus.

INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, ROOM ONE -- EARLY EVENING

Mills opens another desk drawer. It's filled with at least forty empty aspirin bottles. He opens the next drawer to find a rosary and a huge revolver.

INT. ROOM TWO -- EARLY EVENING

Somerset walks to a 16mm film projector. It sits on a table facing a white screen. Somerset turns the projector on.

INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM -- EARLY EVENING

Mills enters the bathroom which is also painted black. It has been converted into a darkroom, lit by a red bulb, with strips of film hanging from the ceiling.

Water is heard dripping. Mills goes to open the shower curtain. The shower is a print drying area with prints hanging on wires.

INT. ROOM TWO -- EARLY EVENING

The projector is clattering in the dark, running a piece of film through. The film is spliced to run as a non-stop loop. Somerset watches the screen, light strobing across him.

The screen shows a bright image of clouds drifting, with strange, superimposed angels in flowing robes floating jerkily. It's like a weird, Hollywood version of Heaven. The image switches abruptly to fire and tormented souls laboring around a pit of molten goo, where more tortured humans squirm. Like Heaven, it's a scratched piece of film from Hollywood's early days.

MILLS (o.s.)
Somerset!

Somerset is engrossed in the images.

MILLS (o.s.)
Somerset come here!

INT. ROOM ONE -- EARLY EVENING

Mills comes in from the bathroom, holding an 8" by 10" photo. Somerset enters from room two.

MILLS
We had him, Goddamn it! We had him!

SOMERSET
What are you talking about?!

Mills throws the picture and a laminated press pass onto the desk. He sits a in chair, holding his head in despair.

MILLS
The pass is a fake, Goddamn it!! We had him and we let him go!!

(CONTINUED)

Somerset looks at the photo, stunned. It is a picture of Mills and Somerset, on the stairwell of the building where Zero's body was found. It is the picture taken by the balding, almost silly looking reporter!

INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN -- NIGHT

The refrigerator door is open and a male forensic is using tongs to remove Zero's severed hand from beside the soda pop and mayonnaise. He places the hand in a clear plastic bag.

INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, ROOM ONE -- NIGHT

The forensic walks through with the severed hand, past a FEMALE SKETCH ARTIST who puts the finishing touches on an accurate drawing of the balding, almost silly looking reporter who wears thick glasses, now known as John Doe.

SKETCH ARTIST
This is the guy?

Mills stands over the sketch artist. Sara, Billy and two deputy detectives are at work, searching, photographing, dusting.

MILLS
Just make sure it gets around.

SKETCH ARTIST
You got it. Tomorrow morning, this city's good citizens will be on the lookout for Elmer Fudd.

SARA
(to Mills)
We can't find anything to hang onto. No paystubs, no appointment books or calendars. Not even a book of phone numbers. And, you're not going to believe this...

MILLS
Keep looking.

SARA
It's just...we haven' found any fingerprints yet. Not one.

MILLS
You know, you're right? I don't believe it. Keep looking.

Mills walks away.

INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, ROOM TWO -- NIGHT

Somerset and three uniformed officers are looking through the notebooks on the shelves. Somerset squints at the notebook in his hand, shaking his head as he reads. Mills enters. Somerset looks up and closes the notebook.

SOMERSET
We could use about fifty more men in here.

MILLS
I'm trying to get more men, so just tell me what we've got.

Somerset bristles slightly at Mills's abrupt demeanor.

SOMERSET
There are about five thousand notebooks in this room. And, near as I can tell, each notebook contains two hundred and fifty pages.

MILLS
Than he must write about these murders.

SOMERSET
(opens notebook, reads)
"What sick, silly puppets we are and what a gross little stage we dance on. What fun we have, dancing and fucking, not a care in the world, not knowing that we are nothing. We are not what God intended."

Somerset turns a few pages.

SOMERSET (cont)
(reads)
"On the subway today, a man came to me to start a conversation. He was making small talk, this lonely man, talking about the weather and other things. I tried to be pleasant and accommodating, but my head began to hurt from his banality. I almost didn't notice it happened, but I suddenly threw up all over him. He was not pleased, and I couldn't help laughing."

Somerset closes the notebook.

SOMERSET (cont)
No dates indicated. They are placed on the shelves in no discerible order.
(more)

(CONTINUED)

SOMERSET (cont)
He writes five pages describing a broken bottle, then writes about existential philosophy in the next paragraph. It's just his mind poured out on paper, and I don't think it will give us any specifics.

MILLS
I've got a bad feeling, looking around... that these murders are his life's work.

The PHONE RINGS in the other room. Mills looks.

INT. ROOM ONE -- NIGHT

All attention has turned to the phone on John Doe's desk. The phone is wired to record conversations. Mills enters, picks up the receiver and hits a switch on the recorder, which puts the phone through a speaker.

MILLS
(into phone)
Hello?

JOHN DOE (v.o.)
(from speaker)
I admire you. I don't know how you found me, but...just imagine my surprise. I respect you detectives more every day.

MILLS
(into phone)
Okay, John, let's...

JOHN DOE (v.o.)
(from speaker)
No, no, no! You listen and don't talk. I'll be back on schedule tomorrow, even with this setback. I suppose you found the picture, but I was going to send it to you anyway, so this is just as well. I had to call you and express my admiration. I feel like saying more...but...I don't want to ruin the surprises.

John Doe hangs up. Mills puts down the phone, looks at Somerset.

INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, ROOM TWO -- LATER NIGHT

Mills and Somerset stand in the dark, watching the continuous loop projector's strange images of Heaven and Hell.

MILLS
He's been trying to torture us along with his victims.

SOMERSET
But, he's not targeting us personally. He didn't know who would get this case. He wants to get attention, and he's accomplishing that with great success.

MILLS
You were right.

Somerset looks at Mills.

MILLS (cont)
He's preaching.

SOMERSET
(nods)
It's some sort of sermon to all of us. To all us sinners.

They watch the screen. The door opens and light bursts in. The captain stands there, looks them over.

CAPTAIN
It's been a long day, kids. Go home. But, make sure you sleep with the phone between you legs.

INT. SOMERSET'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Somerset winds his metronome. PHONE RINGS. Somerset does not want to answer it, but he does.

SOMERSET
(into phone)
Hello.

TRACY
(from phone, quietly)
Hello, Somerset? It's Tracy.

SOMERSET
(into phone)
Tracy? Is everything alright?

TRACY
(from phone)
Yes, yes, everything's fine.

SOMERSET
Where's Mills?

TRACY
He's in the shower, in the other room. I'm sorry to call so late.

SOMERSET
It's alright, I guess.

TRACY
I, uh...I need to talk to you. I need to talk to someone. I'm sorry...can we meet somewhere, maybe tomorrow morning?

SOMERSET
I really don't understand.

TRACY
I feel stupid, but you're the only person in the city I know.

SOMERSET
I just...

TRACY
Can you get away, for just a little?

SOMERSET
It will be hard, with this case.

TRACY
If you can, please call me tomorrow. Please. I have to go now...goodbye.

Tracy hangs up. Somerset looks at the phone, totally confused.

INSERT -- TITLE CARD

FRIDAY

INT. THE COFFEE CAFE -- MORNING

Somerset sits in the window booth with Tracy. The cafe is noisy. Tracy is staring at her coffee while she stirs it.

TRACY
I mean, you know this city. You've been here for so long.

SOMERSET
It's a hard place.

TRACY
I don't sleep very well.

Somerset is trying to be understanding, but sneaks a look at his watch.

SOMERSET
I feel strange, being here with you... without Mills knowing.

TRACY
I'm sorry, I just...

Two young punks step up to the window outside and look in at Tracy. One flicks his tongue rapidly. Tracy looks away. Somerset takes out his badge and holds it against the window. One punk gives the finger and the other spits on the window. They leave, laughing. Tracy tries to smile.

TRACY (cont)
Perfect example.

SOMERSET
You have to put blinders on sometimes. Most times.

TRACY
I don't know why I asked you to come.

SOMERSET
You should talk to Mills...David. Tell him how you feel. He will understand.

TRACY
I can't be a burden, especially now. I know I'll get used to things. I guess I just needed to know what someone who's lived here thinks. In Philadelphia, we could afford to live on the outskirts. But, here...

Tracy seems very upset, near tears.

TRACY (cont)
I don't know if David told you, but I teach fifth grade, or did.

SOMERSET
He mentioned it.

TRACY
I've been going to some of the schools, looking for work, but the conditions here are...horrible.

SOMERSET
You should look into the private schools.

TRACY
I don't know...

Tracy can't look up, wipes at her eyes.

SOMERSET
What is really bothering you?

Tracy bites her lip.

TRACY
David and I are...going to have a baby.

Somerset sits back, the expression of soothing concern on his face disappears.

SOMERSET
Oh. Oh my, Tracy. I have to tell you, I'm not the one to talk to about this.

TRACY
I hate this city.

Somerset sighs. He takes out a cigarette, but thinks the better of it and puts it back. He looks out the window.

SOMERSET
If you're thinking...
(pause)
I had a relationship once, very much like a marriage. And, she was going to have our baby. This is a long time ago. She and I had decided we were going to make the choice together.. whether to keep the baby.

Tracy looks at Somerset.

SOMERSET (cont)
Well, I got up one morning and went on a case...just like any other case, except it was my first since hearing about the baby. And, I...I felt this fear and anxiety coming over me. I looked around at the city, and I thought, how can I raise a child surrounded by all this? How can a child grow up here?
(pause)
So, that night, I told her I didn't want us to have the baby, and over the next few weeks, I convinced her it was wrong.
(more)

SOMERSET (cont)
I mean...I wore her down, slowly, until...

TRACY
I want to have children. It's just...

SOMERSET
I can tell you now, I know...I am positive I made the right decision. I'm positive. But, there's never a day that passes that I don't wish I had decided differently.

Somerset reaches and takes Tracy's hand.

SOMERSET (cont)
If you...don't keep the baby, if that's what you decide, then, never tell him you were pregnant. I mean that. Never ever.
(pause)
The relationship would wither and die.

Tracy nods, tears in her eyes. Somerset smiles a bit.

SOMERSET (cont)
However, if you do decide to have the baby, then, at the very moment when you are absolutely sure you will keep it, tell Mills. Tell him at that exact second. And then, spoil that kid every chance you get.

There are tears in Somerset's eyes. Tracy tries not to be upset.

SOMERSET (cont)
That's all the advice I can give you, Tracy. I don't even know you.

He smiles again, wipes at his own tears.

TRACY
Somerset...I'm sorry.

Somerset's beeper begins BEEPING. He takes it out and stands, wanting to leave. Tracy gets up and kisses him on the cheek.

TRACY (cont)
Thank you.

Somerset starts to back away.

TRACY (cont)
Keep in touch with us, after you're gone, Somerset. Please.

Somerset nods, raises his hand to say goodbye as he leaves.

INT. WILD BILL'S LEATHER SHOP -- DAY

Mills and Somerset are on one side of the counter and WILD BILL, 37, is on the other. Wild Bill is shirtless and covered in tattoos. He has a thick scar running down the center of his forehead and down his bent nose. Leather belts, whips and jackets hang from the walls and ceiling.

WILD BILL
Yeah, he picked it up last night.

Wild Bill holds the red receipt from John Doe's apartment.

MILLS
This was definitely him?

Mills points to the rendering of John Doe on the counter.

WILD BILL
Yeah, John Doe. Easy name to remember.

SOMERSET
What was this job you did for him?

WILD BILL
I got a picture of it here.

Wild Bill pulls a box from behind the counter, digs in it.

WILD BILL (cont)
I figured that this guy must be one of those performance artists. That's what I figured. Like one of those guys who pisses in a cup on stage, then drinks it. Performance art.

Wild Bill hands a polaroid picture to Mills. We do not see the picture yet.

MILLS
Oh, give me a break.

WILD BILL
I think I undercharged him, since I was working all yesterday to finish it.

SOMERSET
(looks at photo)
You built this for him? You built this?!

WILD BILL
I've built weirder things than that. So what?

A POLICEMAN enters the store.

POLICEMAN
Detectives...we have a situation.

Mills and Somerset follow the cop out.

WILD BILL
Hey, my picture!

Wild Bill watches them go. He scratches his thick scar.

WILD BILL (cont)
Pigs.

EXT. THE HOT HOUSE MASSAGE PARLOR -- DAY

It's a madhouse outside The Hot House, a bright red storefront bordered on both sides by porno theatre after porno theatre. A crowd is gathered around a police action in progress.

Cops have formed a barrier, holding back the crowd and creating as aisle from the entrance of The Hot House to the back of a jail-van. Cops and detectives are escorting various men, woman and transvestites into the large vehicle. The crowd, consisting of the dregs of society, is shouting. Some people are spitting and throwing trash at the cops.

INT. THE HOT HOUSE, RECEPTION AREA -- DAY

TWO COPS are in front of a glass and steel cage. Inside the cage sits a bald, FAT MAN with a wall of sex toys behind him.

FAT MAN
Just wait! Just wait!

One cop pounds his nightstick against the glass.

COP
Get out of the fucking booth!

FAT MAN
Just wait! I'll come out, just wait!

INT. THE HOT HOUSE, CORRIDORS -- DAY

All the lights are red and the walls are painted red.

(CONTINUED)

Mills and Somerset are following a COP through the twisting corridors. POLICEMEN can be HEARD SHOUTING and MAKING ARRESTS. ROCK MUSIC PLAYS, throbbing. They come to a door.

COP
I don't want to go in there again.

INT. RED ROOM -- DAY

Mills and Somerset enter. ROCK MUSIC CONTINUES, LOUD. A strobe light flashes from the ceiling. TWO AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS are in the room. The first attendant is placing a sheet over a bed, hiding the corpse of a blonde woman. The second attendant is trying to examine the pupils of a CRAZED MAN, 55, who is naked and wrapped in a sheet. A COP holds him in a chair.

CRAZED MAN
He...he...he made me do it!

SECOND ATTENDANT
I have to look at you. I have to look at you!

LUST is scratched into the red paint on the wall.

Mills and Somerset move forward, towards the covered body.

FIRST ATTENDANT
You're not going to want to see this move than once.

CRAZED MAN
He had a gun! He made me do it!

The sheet is lifted for the detectives. They grimace at what they see. We do not see. Somerset closes his eyes and turns away. He walks to face the wall. The first attendant replaces the sheet.

Mills steps back, takes out his handkerchief and sucks on it. He looks at the crazed man. The crazed man jerks around. The second attendant preps a needle.

SECOND ATTENDANT
He's in shock, man! He's gone!

CRAZED MAN
Take this thing off me...take it off! Please, take this thing off me!

The ROCK MUSIC from outside SUDDENLY STOPS.

The cop continues holding the crazed man down.

CRAZED MAN (cont)
Get it off me, oh, God!

COP
Somerset, you better see this!

Somerset is facing the wall.

COP (cont)
Hey, Somerset, you better see what's strapped onto this guy!

Mills turns to the cop.

MILLS
We've already seen it!

INT. SANATORIUM, WHITE ROOM -- DAY

A photograph is on a white table. It is the photo Wild Bill gave to Mills and Somerset. It is a picture of a belt, made with extra leather straps so it can be worn securely around the groin. It is like a strap-on phallus, but there is no plastic protuberance. Instead, there is a metal knife -- it is a strap-on butcher knife.

Somerset is sitting beside the white table in this white room. The crazed man from the lust murder is in a chair across the room. The crazed man is crying.

CRAZED MAN
And...and...and he said, he asked me if I was married. And, I could see he had the gun in his hand.

SOMERSET
Where was the girl?

CRAZED MAN
What? What?

SOMERSET
Where was the hooker? Where was she?

The crazed man leans forward.

CRAZED MAN
She was...she was on the bed. She was just sitting on the bed.

SOMERSET
Who tied her down? You or him?

CRAZED MAN
He had a gun. He had a gun...and he made it happen. He made me do it!
(sobbing)
He made me put it on...that thing! Oh, Christ! He made me wear...that thing, and he told me to fuck her. And... he had the gun in my mouth!

The man slides off the chair and hides his face in his hands.

CRAZED MAN (cont)
The gun was in my throat!

Somerset looks up at the mirror in the room. He stands and picks up the polaroid as two men in white uniforms enter the room to collect the crazed man from the floor.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Mills stands in this dirty room with the dirty, bald man from The Hot House's glass booth.

MILLS
You didn't hear any screams? Nothing? You didn't notice when this man walked in with a package under his arm?!

BALD MAN
No, I did not!

MILLS
You didn't notice anything wrong? Nothing seemed strange to you?!

BALD MAN
Everybody who goes in there has a package under his arm. Some guys are carrying suitcases full of shit. And, screams? There are screams in there every single day. It all goes with the territory, little boy!

MILLS
You like what you do for a living?! You like the things you see?!

The bald man smiles strangely.

BALD MAN
No. No I don't, but, that's life.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, SOMERSET'S OFFICE -- EARLY EVENING

The blackboard:

1 ~~gluttony~~	5 wrath
2 ~~greed~~	6 pride
3 ~~sloth~~	7 ~~lust~~
4 envy	

Somerset and Mills are shell-shocked, silent, seated at their desks. Somerset is looking at the blackboard. Mills is looking at the billboard out the window.

INT. SPORTS BAR -- NIGHT

Somerset and Mills sit with a full pitcher of beer. The jukebox plays for the other customers. The walls of the bar are covered with trophies, plaques and other victory symbols.

SOMERSET
The irony is, that after a day of the type of work he did, he'd come home and read me these morbid crime stories. Le Fanu's Green Tea. Murders in the Rue Morgue. My mother would give him hell, because I was young, and he'd be keeping me up till all hours of the night.

MILLS
Sounds like a father who wanted his son to follow in his footsteps.

SOMERSET
One birthday, he gave me this brand new hardcover book. "The Century of the Detective," by Jurgen Thorwald. It traces the history of detection as a science, and it sealed my fate, because it was real, not fiction. That a drop of blood, or a piece of hair could solve a crime...was incredible to me.

Somerset drinks, then pours some more beer.

SOMERSET (cont)
You know, there's not going to be a happy ending to this. It's no longer possible.

MILLS
If we get him, I'll be happy enough.

SOMERSET
No. You're going to have to come to face it right now. You have to stop thinking it's good guys against the bad guys in this city.

MILLS
How can you say there's no good and evil? Especially after today?!

SOMERSET
Don't try to focus on things as black and white, because you'll go blind. There is no winning and losing here.

MILLS
You're the oldest man I know, Somerset.

SOMERSET
You tell me, when you walk into an apartment, and a man has beaten his wife to death, or, a wife has murdered her husband in cold blood...you have to wipe the blood off their children. You put the killer in jail. Who won?!

MILLS
You do your job...

SOMERSET
Where's the victory?!

MILLS
Follow the law, and do the best job you can. It's all there.

SOMERSET
Just know, that in this case, there will be no satisfaction! If we caught John Doe, and he were the devil himself, if it turned out he were actually Satan, then, that might live up to our expectations. No human being could do these things, right? But, this is not the devil himself! He's just a man.

MILLS
Somerset, why don't you shut the fuck up for awhile! You make these speeches, like you know everything there is to know.
(more)

MILLS (cont)
You bitch and complain...if I thought like you, I would have slit my wrists already!

Somerset sits back and looks at Mills.

MILLS (cont)
You think you're preparing me for the hard time ahead? You think you're toughening me up? Well, you're not! You are poisoning me! You're leaving, but I'm staying to fight!

SOMERSET
Who are you fighting for? People don't want a champion! They just want to keep playing the lottery and eating hamburgers.

MILLS
What the fuck is wrong with you?! What burnt you out?!

SOMERSET
There is no one thing, if that's what you mean. I just...I can't live surrounded by stupidity anymore. I cannot live where stupidity is embraced and nurtured as if it were a virtue.

MILLS
You're so much better than everyone. You don't think anyone's worthy of you.

SOMERSET
Wrong! I sympathize completely, because if you can't win...then, if you don't ignore everything and everyone around you, you... you become like John Doe. It's easier to smoke crack, and not worry that your wife and kids are starving to death, and you are nothing, worth nothing. It's easier to beat a child till that kid finally shuts up, because it takes so much work to love. And, if you stopped to think about the abuse, and the damage, you'd be sad!

MILLS
You're talking about people who are mentally ill! You're...

Somerset slams his hand on the table.

SOMERSET
No, I am not! I am talking about common, everyday life here! Ignorance is not only bliss, it is a matter of survival. Stupidity is the closest thing there is to a quick fix!

MILLS
Listen to yourself. You say, "The problem with people is they don't care, so I don't care about people." But, if you're not part of the solution...

SOMERSET
(cuts in)
People who are in arguments over their heads always seem to use meaningless little slogans, but life does not conform to analogies! All I say is, I cannot live here while there are places where you can walk around without being afraid for your life and your sanity.

MILLS
You're already here, and you've been here a long time. There's a part off you that knows everything you say may be true, but even so, none of it matters.

SOMERSET
That part of me is dead.

Mills stands.

MILLS
You want me to agree with you: "Yeah, you're right, Somerset, this is a fucked place. Let's go live in a fucking log cabin." Well, I don't agree with you. You're giving up, and it makes me sick, because you're the best I've ever seen.

Mills throws some money on the table.

MILLS (cont)
Thanks for the beer.

Mills leaves, other patrons watching him.

Somerset takes out a cigarette and goes to light it. The lighter will not light, and when it does, Somerset's hand is trembling.

INT. MILLS'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Mills comes quietly into the dark bedroom. Tracy is asleep on the bed. Mills takes off his suit jacket, puts it down. He sits on a chair and unties one shoe, takes it off, then looks at Tracy. Looks at her a long moment.

He puts the shoe on the floor and goes to get on the bed. He kisses his wife's forehead, kisses her cheek, then wraps his arms under and around her. He holds her tight, kisses her again. Tracy stirs.

TRACY

Honey?

Mills runs his fingers along her face.

MILLS

I love you.

Mills holds her tighter. She wraps her arms around him. They lie together, clinging, holding tighter still.

EXT. MILLS'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

Through the window of the apartment, we can see Tracy and Mills on the bed. CAMERA MOVES from this window, to the street.

CAMERA CONTINUES down the night street, to a car parked not far from Mills's building. Inside the car, John Doe sits, looking up at Mills's window. Doe looks as plain as white bread. He adjusts his thick glasses, sips from a coffee cup. He starts the car and drives away.

INT. SOMERSET'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Somerset is in bed. The metronome is sounding; tick...tick...tick. The SOUNDS of the CITY are LOUD.

Somerset closes his eyes, concentrating on the metronome. Tick...tick...tick... TWO MEN are HEARD from outside, YELLING at each other. Somerset rolls over, restless. Tick...tick...tick...

GLASS is HEARD SHATTERING. Somerset opens his eyes. MORE GLASS, bottles being smashed. Somerset sits up. He reaches over, grabs the metronome and throws it against the wall.

INT. SOMERSET'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- LATER NIGHT

THWACK. Somerset's switchblade hits the dartboard on the wall and the blade embeds.

(CONTINUED)

Somerset crosses the room, still dressed for bed. He is tense. He takes the switchblade from the dartboard, paces back across the room, turns, holds the blade, then throws. The blade sticks.

Somerset paces back to the dartboard, pulls the blade, paces back, throws the knife. THWACK. He goes to the board, gets the blade, paces, turns, throws. THWACK.

INSERT -- TITLE CARD

SATURDAY

INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, ROOM ONE -- DAY

The clock on the wall says twelve-thirty.

INT. JOHN DOE'S APARTMENT, ROOM TWO -- DAY

Three deputy detectives are reading John Doe's notebooks. PHONE RINGS from the other room.

INT. ROOM ONE -- DAY

One deputy enters, answers the phone, turns on the recorder.

JOHN DOE (v.o.)
(through speaker)
I've...gone off and done it again.

INT. APARTMENT, BATHROOM -- DAY

Somerset is looking around this femininely decorated bathroom with a forensic, GIL, 28. Both wear rubber gloves.

In the sink, objects covered in blood: a pair of sharp scissors, a hypodermic needle, first-aid tape and gauze bandage, a bottle of anesthetic for use with the needle, a straight razor and a tube of super glue.

GIL
He really did a number on her, didn't he?

Gil opens the plastic shower curtain and looks into the tub. The tub and shower wall are splattered with blood. The tub has a few inches of water in it. The water is cloudy red, and a few bits of gauze float in it. Gil jiggles the drain's knob. Some bubbles pop up from the clogged drain.

INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM -- DAY

PRIDE is written in lipstick on a mirror. Below that: I DID NOT KILL HER. SHE WAS GIVEN A CHOICE.

Mills and Dr. O'Neill are in the room. O'Neill goes through his black bag. Somerset enters from the bathroom.

Mills is beside a bed where a WOMAN lies dead under a blanket. The woman's head is sloppily bandaged with heavy white gauze and tape. The gauze is stained by spots of blood. Only her eyes and mouth have been left uncovered. A zoo's worth of stuffed animals have been placed across the bed. The woman holds a stuffed unicorn.

Mills reaches to take the unicorn from her grasp. There is a cordless phone in her left hand, and the hand clings to it.

Her right hand holds a bottle of prescription pills. Mills tries to open the fingers of this hand, but they are super-glued to the bottle. Mills turns the hand slightly so that two red pills roll out onto the blanket.

SOMERSET
Sleeping pills.

Mills examines the left hand. The phone is glued into it.

O'Neill steps up, holding a thin pair of silver scissors. He moves to the bed and leans across it. He slides the open scissors under the bandage mask. He starts cutting.

Somerset goes to a dresser where the woman's purse sits open. He takes out the driver's license and looks at the photo. The woman in the picture is stunningly beautiful.

SOMERSET (cont)
(to Mills)
You can see what he did.

Mills is watching the doctor work.

MILLS
He cut her up and dressed the wounds.

SOMERSET
(holds up his left hand)
You can call for help, and you will live.
But, you will be mutilated. Disfigured...
(raises right hand)
...or, put yourself out of your misery.

O'Neill now removes the bandages. Mills looks away. O'Neill looks over his shoulder to the detectives.

DOCTOR
He cut off her nose to spite her face.
And, he did it very recently.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Mills's car pulls up in front of the precinct house. Mills and Somerset get out, wade through cars towards the old building.

SOMERSET
I've decided...I would like to stay on till this is over. Till it is either done, or we can both see it will never finish.

Mills remains impassive.

MILLS
Oh, you want to stay now?

SOMERSET
One of two things will happen. We're either going to get John Doe...or, he will finish his series of seven...and this case will go on for years..

MILLS
You think if you stay you're doing me some big favor?

SOMERSET
I am requesting you keep me on as your partner a few more days. It is important to me. You'd be doing me the favor.

Mills walks on.

MILLS
You knew I'd say yes.

SOMERSET
No. I wasn't sure at all.

In the street, John Doe's car pulls up and stops in front of the precinct house. Cars behind begin beeping. People begin cursing and screaming for him to move.

John Doe steps out, his brown work boots, pants and shirttails are splattered with blood.

He walks towards the precinct house, hands in his pockets, like he's just out for a stroll. People on the sidewalk stop on seeing him, avoid him.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, RECEIVING LOBBY -- DAY

Mills and Somerset walk past booking cubicles and benches of handcuffed low-lifes. Junkies are being led through by uniformed cops. The place is swimming with activity. The two detectives head to the wide duty desk at the end of the room.

SOMERSET
As soon as this is over, I'll be gone.

MILLS
Big surprise.

They pass through a gate and Somerset goes towards a staircase leading upstairs. Mills stops at the duty desk. Other cops are vying for the DUTY SERGEANT'S attention.

MILLS
Mills and Somerset are on the premises.

SERGEANT
Wonder-fucking-ful.

Mills walks to follow Somerset.

JOHN DOE (o.s.)
Detective Mills!!!

Mills looks back, stops.

Somerset looks back down the stairs.

John Doe stands inside the precinct house doors. He holds out his arms as if to say, "Presto, here I am."

There comes a near silence in the room. All eyes go to the blood-soaked figure of John Doe.

Mills stands there, eyes not believing.

One UNIFORMED COP takes out his gun, points it at John Doe.

UNIFORMED COP
It's him!

Several other cops drop what they're doing and draw weapons.

Mills, still off-balance, takes out his own gun. He walks back through the gate and points the gun at Doe.

MILLS
Get down on the floor!

Cops move slowly in on Doe from all sides.

ANOTHER COP
You heard him, fuckhead, get on the floor!!

Somerset comes back through the gate.

SOMERSET
Be careful!

John Doe gets down on his knees, hands in the air. Mills, pulse pounding, steps up, but not too close.

MILLS
Get down, face on the floor!!!

ONE COP comes from behind Doe and nudges him with his foot.

ONE COP
Spread your legs and get your hands out in front of you!

John Doe lays on his stomach and obeys. Mills comes right up to Doe and puts his gun against Doe's head.

MILLS
Don't move. Don't move an inch.

One cop begins frisking Doe. Another comes to put on the cuffs.

Somerset comes to Mills's side.

SOMERSET
I don't believe this.

JOHN DOE
Hello, Detective Somerset.

The cop putting on the handcuffs looks up at Somerset and Mills.

COP
What the fuck is this?

The cop holds up Doe's cuffed hands. Doe winces. Every single one of Doe's fingers has a bandage wrapped around it.

John Doe tries to manage a smile, face pressed against the floor, glasses askew, gun at his temple.

JOHN DOE
(to Mills)
I want to speak with my lawyer.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, OBSERVATION ROOM -- DAY

Mills holds a fingerprint card. The black ink prints are just useless blobs, smeared with blood.

Mills, Somerset and the captain stand in darkness. Mills looks up from the print card through a two-way mirror into an interrogation room.

In the interrogation room, John Doe sits, handcuffed to the wall. This is not some superman/serial killer. He looks more like an eccentric college professor, not seething with anger, but edgy and lucid. The lawyer, MARK SWARR, 36, sits at a table, taking notes and talking with Doe.

CAPTAIN
He cuts off the skin of his fingertips. That's why we can't find a single usable print in his apartment. He's been doing it for quite some time. Keeps cutting before the papillary lines can grow back.

MILLS
What about the trace on his bank account and the guns? There must be a connection to his past.

CAPTAIN
So far, it's all dead ends. No credit history, no employment history. His bank account is only five years old, and it started out as cash. We're even trying to trace his furniture...but, all we know is he's independently wealthy, well educated, and totally insane. We may never know how he got that way.

SOMERSET
Because he is a John Doe by choice.

MILLS
When do we get to question him?

CAPTAIN
You don't. This goes to court now.

MILLS
This is crazy!! He wouldn't just turn himself in, after all this!

Somerset moves from the window, crosses the room.

CAPTAIN
It's not supposed to make sense.

MILLS
He's not finished!

CAPTAIN
You're wound too tight, Mills.

MILLS
He's pissing in our faces.

CAPTAIN
Drop it! Now.

MILLS
Somerset...help me out here!

Somerset looks at them, says nothing.

CAPTAIN
It's done.

The captain leaves. Mills is furious.

MILLS
God damn you, Somerset! You know he's fucking us! He's...

Somerset holds out his hand to silence Mills.

SOMERSET
Just slow up. Slow up. You and I are... probably for the first time ever, in total agreement here. He would not just stop. But, we have to wait.

MILLS
Well, what the fuck, man?!!

SOMERSET
He's only two murders away from finishing his masterpiece, right? Can you even conceive of what's going to happen next? I mean, can you even imagine how he will try to finish it?

Mills looks in at John Doe.

MILLS
No.

SOMERSET
I can tell you this; I recognize his lawyer. His name is Mark Swarr.

Mills looks at Somerset.

SOMERSET (cont)
He's the one who got Zero off.
(pause)
We wait for John Doe's plea.

INT. SOMERSET'S OFFICE -- DAY

Mills is at the desk, feet up. He is staring at the blackboard.

1 ~~gluttony~~
2 ~~greed~~
3 ~~sloth~~
4 envy
5 wrath
6 ~~pride~~
7 ~~lust~~

Clock on the wall says 4:45. Somerset is packing books into boxes, preparing for his eventual departure.

The captain steps into the office and clears his throat, looking like there is something very wrong.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Mills and Somerset stand together. The captain is behind his desk, with Martin Talbot seated in front of him. Mark Swarr is addressing them all, seems nervous, but in control.

SWARR
My client says there are two more bodies...two more victims, hidden away. He will take Detectives Mills and Somerset to these bodies, but only Detectives Mills and Somerset. Only at six o'clock, today.

Swarr wipes his brow with a handkerchief.

TALBOT
Oh, Christ.

MILLS
Why us?

SWARR
He says he admires you.

SOMERSET
(to captain)
This is all part of his game plan.

SWARR
My client claims that if the detecitves do not accept this offer, the bodies will never be found.

CAPTAIN
Frankly, counselor, I'm inclined to let them rot.

TALBOT
Mr. Swarr, we don't make deals like this.

Mills walks up into Swarr's face.

MILLS
How do you like having clients like these? How can you do this?

CAPTAIN
Back off, Mills!

SWARR
I am required by law to serve my clients to the best of my ability, and to serve their best interests.

Mills eases off.

CAPTAIN
We're going to have to pass.

SWARR
My client...he, also wishes that I inform you, if you do not accept, he will plead insanity, across the board.

TALBOT
Let him try! I want to see him try!

SWARR
Come now, Martin. Even my client knows, with the nature of these crimes, I could get him off with such a plea.

Talbot stands, wringing his hands.

Mills and Somerset are looking at each other, thinking it over.

TALBOT
(to no one in particular)
This is madness. I'm not letting this conviction slide. I can tell you that right here and right now!

SWARR
He says, if you accept, under his specific conditions, he will sign a full confession and plead guilty...right here, right now.

Talbot glares at Swarr. There is a moment of silence.

CAPTAIN
(to Mills)
What do you think?

MILLS
I'm in.

SWARR
He says it must be both of you.

SOMERSET
If he were to plead insanity, this conversation is admissible. The fact that he's blackmailing us with his plea...

SWARR
And, my client reminds you, two more victims are dead. The press would find out that the police did not seem very concerned about finding them...giving them a proper burial.

SOMERSET
If there <u>really</u> <u>are</u> two more dead.

The captain picks up a sheet from his desk.

CAPTAIN
This lab report did come up from downtown. They did a quicky on Doe's clothing and fingernails. They found blood from Doe, from his cutting the skin of his fingers. And, there was blood from the woman whose face he removed...and, there was blood from a third party...as yet unknown.

TALBOT
(to Somerset)
You would be escorting an unarmed man.

Somerset is thinking it through. He looks to Mills.

MILLS
Let's finish it.

Somerset looks at the floor, at Swarr.

SOMERSET
(to the captain)
Well...get the fucking lawyer out of the room, and we can talk about how this whole thing is going to go down.

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE, BATHROOM -- DAY

Somerset's hand reaches to the sink to pick up a razor.

Somerset and Mills are at the sinks, looking at themselves in the mirrors. They have their shirts off. Shaving cream is spread across their chests. Somerset flicks his cigarette into the sink, then brings the razor to start shaving the hair off his chest. Mills is already doing the same.

SOMERSET
If John Doe's head splits open, and a U.F.O. flies out, I want you to have expected it.

MILLS
I will.

They continue shaving.

MILLS (cont)
If I were to accidentally cut off one of my nipples, would that be covered by workman's compensation?

Somerset smiles slightly.

SOMERSET
I suppose so.
(pause)
If you were man enough to actually file the claim, I'd buy you a new nipple out of my own pocket.

Mills finishes shaving. He steps away from the sink and wipes his chest off with a towel. He turns dead serious.

MILLS
Somerset...

Somerset stops shaving and looks at Mills.

SOMERSET
What is it?

MILLS
I think I've fallen in love with you.

SOMERSET
(turns away)
Slut.

MILLS
(laughs)
Kiss me on the lips.

SOMERSET
(shaving)
Give me a break.

INT. READY ROOM -- DAY

Somerset and Mills have their shirts open. A female technician, Josie, tapes a small radio transmitter and microphone to Mills's chest. Somerset is already wearing the same, pressing the adhesive to his chest, making sure it will hold.

Josie finishes prepping Mills. Somerset buttons up his shirt. Josie packs up her kit and leaves. The room is quiet. Somerset picks up a bullet-proof vest and slides into it.

Mills buttons up, looks at his watch. He puts on his own vest, fastens it tight, looks at Somerset.

Somerset takes out a roll of antacids and pops a few.

Mills holds out his hand and waits for an antacid. Somerset flicks a few into Mills's palm. Mills chews them.

SOMERSET
Stay as cold as ice.

Somerset picks up his gun off a chair. Mills picks up his gun. They both check them out, close them up. They lay the guns in holsters at the small of their backs.

They look at each other. Mills holds out his hand. Somerset shakes it.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

The street is full of shadows as the sun is falling low.

In front of the precinct house, a throng of reporters shifts anxiously. A line of policemen holds them back.

Martin Talbot steps out of the precinct house, cops on either side of him. The press swarm lurches forward, flashbulbs exploding. Talbot holds out his hands, prepares to speak.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

At the rear of the precinct house, Somerset's car pulls out of the fenced in parking lot. The car speeds up on the street and turns a corner, heading into the grim city.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOFTOP -- DAY

California is dressed in full battle gear, looking through binoculars at the city below. The wind blows hard.

A PILOT, holding two helmets, comes up behind California. A sleek police helicopter sits on the roof's helipad.

CALIFORNIA
Is this wind going to hurt us?

PILOT
It just makes the ride a little more fun.

The pilot smiles.

INT. SOMERSET'S CAR -- DAY

Somerset is at the wheel. Mills sits in the back seat, behind Somerset. John Doe sits beside Mills. Doe is handcuffed and shackled with chains which run around his ankles and travel to the handcuffs. He is dressed in gray pants and a gray shirt. Mills is staring at Doe. Doe is greasy faced, hot.

MILLS
Who are you, Johnny? Who are you really?

JOHN DOE
It doesn't matter who I am. Who I am means absolutely nothing.

MILLS
You seem nervous.

John Doe looks through his thick glasses to Mills.

JOHN DOE
I want this to go well.

SOMERSET
You want this to go well? What is this?

Doe looks at Somerset's eyes in the rear view mirror.

SOMERSET (cont)
For us to go pick up two more dead bodies...wouldn't be sensational enough for you. Every single thing you've done had been done to capture attention. To shock.

JOHN DOE
Wanting people to pay attention...you can't just tap them on the shoulder. You must hit them in the head with a sledgehammer. You have to hit with a hammer in the head, and you get their strict attention.

SOMERSET
What are they supposed to pay attention to? Your random violence?

JOHN DOE
These are like no other murders have ever been, or will ever be.

MILLS
You're no different from any psychotic... except you're especially brutal.

John Doe is offended and angry.

JOHN DOE
Wrong. I have...

SOMERSET
The only way you've distinguished yourself is by your exceptional illness.

JOHN DOE
No!

SOMERSET
At this point, nobody in this city would deny that you are a very, very sick man.

JOHN DOE
You assume I am insane.

SOMERSET
Insane, and morally deficient.

MILLS
Fucked in the head.

JOHN DOE
You both know I'm different. You, of all people, know what I'm doing is special.

MILLS
In a year, nobody's going to remember this happened.

John doe clenches his fists, digs his bandaged fingertips into his palms, sweating.

JOHN DOE
You cannot see the whole...the whole complete act. Not yet...but, when this is over, it will be so...so unbelievable. It will be...

MILLS
Spit it out, Johnny!

JOHN DOE
People will not be able to comprehend it, but it will be reality. It will be almost surreal, but it will still be reality...so, it will be undeniable.

SOMERSET
Delusions of grandeur.

JOHN DOE
This game...this pretense of skepticism is meaningless.
(pause)
These two...bodies, will make the five before them seem like child's play. You'll see, within the hour, this will be the perfect, flawless series of murders. Tangible.

MILLS
I'm going to be standing right beside you, so, be sure to let me know when this whole, complete reality thing is done. Wouldn't want to miss it.

JOHN DOE
Oh, you won't...

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER -- DAY

The helicopter is in flight above the city. California is strapped in, hanging out the door. He holds a high powered, automatic rifle, wears goggles and a helmet/headset.

JOHN DOE (v.o., cont))
(through headset)
...you won't miss a single thing.

Two other armed cops sit in the belly of the chopper. California leans in and looks to the pilot.

CALIFORNIA
(into helmet microphone)
Head over to the bridge and try to keep them in sight. Just, keep your distance.

The pilot nods.

EXT. CITY SKY -- DAY

The chopper dips, flying like a bullet over the polluted city, heads towards the setting sun.

EXT. CITY STREETS -- DAY

Somerset's car moves along a highway at river's edge. It turns onto a huge suspension bridge, into a line of speeding traffic.

INT. SOMERSET'S CAR -- DAY

They drive across the bridge. The sun is ahead. John Doe stares back at the city. He looks wired, still sweating profusely.

JOHN DOE
You can see a deadly sin on every street corner. On every corner and in every home, they may seem trivial. They are not.
(turns forward)
I am showing the true face of sin.

SOMERSET
All you brought this world is more misery and pain.

JOHN DOE
I bring God's anger in the form of pain.

MILLS
You got off on this. You liked it.

SOMERSET
You did it for your own pleasure.

JOHN DOE
I won't deny my personal desires...my intention to turn sin against the sinner. But, I merely took each sin to its logical conclusion. I don't mourn the victims in this, anymore than I mourn the thousands who died in Sodom and Gomorrah.

MILLS
But, you tortured innocent people.

SOMERSET
God would have forgiven them.

JOHN DOE
(leans forward)
How dare you speak of God! When...when was the last time you spoke His name?! Was it in prayer, or, did you say His name to curse another man? Or, did you say the Lord's name after you stubbed your big toe?!

Mills pulls Doe back in the seat.

JOHN DOE (cont)
You haven't earned the privilege to speculate on God!!

SOMERSET
You want people to question God's existence? You want them to...

JOHN DOE
No!! No!! I want them to question their own existence! I want people to question their own existence!

MILLS
You think you're doing God's work, you fucking lunatic?! You really think what you're doing here is God's good work?!

John Doe looks at Mills, then looks down. Doe is pressing his forefinger into the tip of his thumb, causing blood to drip from under the bandage.

JOHN DOE
The Lord works in mysterious ways.

EXT. SKY -- EARLY EVENING

The helicopter flies over huge, blackened industrial parks, past smokestacks spewing soot. The sky is turning crimson.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER -- EARLY EVENING

California leans way out, looking back at the city.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD -- EARLY EVENING

Somerset's car comes down this rocky, deserted strip, towards the industrial parks. The car tosses dirt into the air where it is captured on the wind.

EXT. SKY -- EARLY EVENING

The chopper roars, low, close to the stretch of industrial road. This is the only road through vast swampy fields. The industrial parks are far behind.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER -- EARLY EVENING

California still leans out, gun poised, looks over the fields.

CALIFORNIA
There ain't no ambush out here. There ain't fucking nothing out here.

PILOT
(through headmic)
We got about two minutes before they come up behind us.

CALIFORNIA
Go high. Go way up. In sixty seconds, cut to the west.

EXT. SKY -- EARLY EVENING

The chopper heads up, really moving.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD -- EARLY EVENING

Somerset's car comes down the road, surrounded by marshlands.

The car slows, then stops. Mills gets out and goes around to extract Doe. Somerset gets out, looking east to the industrial parks and the city beyond. The sky is darkening.

Somerset walks and looks to the west. The sky is red. Very far away, a passenger train moves towards the hidden sun.

(CONTINUED)

Somerset watches the train, walking to the edge of the roadway. He looks down and steps back from what he sees.

A dog lies dead in the weeds, fresh and bloody.

Somerset turns to the car, where John Doe stands with Mills. Doe points with his cuffed hands to the dog, smiles.

JOHN DOE
I didn't do that one.

EXT. MARSHLANDS -- EARLY EVENING

The wind howls, pounding on John Doe as he walks through the swampy field. He walks slowly, encumbered by the deep muck and by the short chain between his ankles. Mills is with Doe, disgusted by the ooze covering his shoes and pants cuffs. He looks ahead, cautious. Somerset walks behind them.

Doe keeps looking back towards the car on the industrial road.

MILLS
What are you looking for?

Doe looks forward.

JOHN DOE
What time is it?

SOMERSET
Why do you ask?

Somerset looks at his watch. It's one minute after seven.

JOHN DOE
I want to know.

Mills gives Doe a shove.

Somerset looks back towards the industrial road, worried.

MILLS
Just keep leading the way.

JOHN DOE
It's not too far now. Not far at all.

SOMERSET (o.s.)
Mills!

Mills and Doe look back at Somerset. Somerset is facing the industrial road, pointing. A van is coming quickly, dust flying.

Somerset looks at Mills. Mills looks at Somerset. They take out their guns. Somerset starts towards the road.

SOMERSET
You stay with him.

MILLS
Wait!

SOMERSET
There's no time to discuss it!

Somerset runs to head off the van.

John Doe begins walking to follow Somerset.

JOHN DOE
Now, this is getting interesting.

Mills levels his gun at John Doe's head.

MILLS
Stay where you are, Johnny.

EXT. MARSHLANDS -- EARLY EVENING

Somerset runs, breathing heavily, opening the top of his bullet-proof vest to speak into his hidden microphone.

SOMERSET
There's a van...coming down the industrial road! It's coming from the east!

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER -- EARLY EVENING

The chopper is circling in the air, far from the marshlands with the sun behind it. Another cop is in the hatchway beside California, looking through binoculars.

SOMERSET (v.o.)
The van is coming from the east...I don't know what this is! Come around! Come around!

EXT. MARSHLANDS -- EARLY EVENING

Somerset continues, charging through the mire.

SOMERSET (cont)
Just get ready for anything and wait for my signal! Wait for me!

EXT. MARSHLANDS -- EARLY EVENING

Mills keeps the gun on John Doe, watches Somerset.

JOHN DOE
It's good you and I have some time to talk.

Doe starts walking again.

MILLS
Get down on your knees!

Mills grabs Doe and pushes Doe's knee's out with his foot, making Doe kneel in the brown water.

Mills positions himself behind Doe so that Doe is between him and the road. Now, Mills can keep the gun on Doe and still watch Somerset.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD -- EARLY EVENING

Somerset comes up onto the road, near his car. He signals for the van to stop, then fires a warning shot in the air. The van is about one hundred yards away, still coming.

Somerset walks towards it, breathless, pointing his gun.

SOMERSET
Stop the van! Stop!

He fires again in the air and aims at the van. The van brakes, wheels sliding on the loose roadway. Stops. Somerset moves up to it, staying about ten feet away.

SOMERSET (cont)
Get out! Get out with your hands in the air! Do it now!!

The driver of the van, a young DELIVERYMAN, pushes the door opens and slides out, slow, takes off his sunglasses.

DELIVERYMAN
Jesus Christ, man, don't shoot!!

SOMERSET
Turn around!

DELIVERYMAN
What the hell is going on!

SOMERSET
Who are you? What are you doing here?!

DELIVERYMAN
I'm...I'm just delivering a package.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER -- EARLY EVENING

California listens as the chopper spins over industrial parks.

DELIVERYMAN (v.o., cont)
(through headset)
It's just a package...for this guy, David Mills. Detective David Mills.

CALIFORNIA
Motherfuck!!

The pilot looks back at California.

PILOT
Let's do it!

CALIFORNIA
No! Wait for Somerset!

EXT. MARSHLANDS -- EARLY EVENING

Mills and Doe can see Somerset keeping his distance from the deliveryman. The deliveryman moves to the back of the van and opens the van's rear door.

JOHN DOE
When I said I admired you...I meant what I said. I do admire you.

Mills keeps his eyes on the van, but steps up to place his gun at the back of Doe's head. Pulls the hammer back.

MILLS
Shut up.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD -- EARLY EVENING

The deliveryman takes a brown package, about a foot square, from the van.

DELIVERYMAN
This guy paid me five hundred bucks to bring it out here. He wanted it here at exactly seven o' clock.

SOMERSET
Put it down! Put it on the ground!

DELIVERYMAN
Okay, okay!!

He puts it on the road and back away, holding his hands up.

Somerset glances into the field to see Doe on his knees with Mills behind him. Somerset looks at the package. Written on top: DETECTIVE DAVID MILLS -- PLEASE HANDLE WITH CARE.

SOMERSET
(to deliveryman)
Go. Get out of here!

Thee deliveryman backs off, then scrambles into the van. Somerset pulls back his bullet-proof vest and speaks into the mic.

SOMERSET (cont)
There is a package here. It's a package from John Doe.

The van tears away. Somerset doesn't know what to do. He walks around the package, reholsters his gun.

SOMERSET (cont)
(into mic)
I don't know...it could be a bomb, but...
I don't know...

He looks out towards Doe and Mills.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER -- EARLY EVENING

California waits, listening, looking into the blood-red sky.

SOMERSET (v.o.)
(through headset)
I'm going to have to open it.

EXT. MARSHLANDS -- EARLY EVENING

Mills watches Somerset kneel beside the package on the road.

JOHN DOE
I wish I could have been a normal man like you. I wish I could have a simple life.

MILLS
What the fuck is going on here?!!

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD -- EARLY EVENING

Somerset pulls his switchblade, clicks it open.

He cuts across the top of the box, hands shaking, cuts quickly. He pulls the box open, pulls at some bubble-wrap inside.

INT. POLICE HEICOPTER -- EARLY EVENING

The pilot grits his teeth.

PILOT
(into mic)
Let's go!

CALIFORNIA
We are going to wait!!

California listens.

SOMERSET (v.o.)
(through headset)
Oh, Jesus Christ...oh, Christ....!

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD -- EARLY EVENING

Somerset stumbles backwards, away from the open box. He is white as a sheet, eyes filled with numb fear. He leans against his car for support, wretches, sick, holds the back of his hand to his mouth.

SOMERSET
No...no...

EXT. MARSHLANDS -- EARLY EVENING

Mills is watching Somerset, and grabs John Doe by the shirt.

MILLS
Get up! Stand up! Let's go!

Doe stands, tries to walk. Mills is moving quickly, towards Somerset. Doe can't keep up.

JOHN DOE
You've made a good life for yourself...

MILLS
Shut up!

Doe falls and Mills starts dragging him through the weeds.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ROAD -- EARLY EVENING

Somerset wipes saliva from his lips and tears from his eyes. He takes a deep breath, looks to see Mills dragging Doe.

SOMERSET
Oh, fuck, no....

Somerset straightens, tries to pull himself together. He swallows, draws his gun.

SOMERSET (cont)
(into hidden mic)
Listen...listen to me. Whatever you do... do not come in here. Stay away. No matter what you hear...do not move in!
(starts towards Mills)
John Doe has the upper hand.

Somerset picks up his switchblade and pushes the blade back in. He enters the marsh.

EXT. MARSHLANDS -- EARLY EVENING

Mills sees Somerset coming and pulls Doe so that Doe stands.

JOHN DOE
I want you to know, I wish I could have lived like you do.

MILLS
(shouts to Somerset)
What the fuck is going on?!

Somerset starts running towards Mills, mud splattering.

SOMERSET
Mills, put your gun down! Throw it away!

Mills leaves Doe behind, walks towards Somerset, gun down.

MILLS
What?!

Somerset is fifty yards away and closing.

SOMERSET
Throw your gun down now!!

MILLS
What are you talking about?! What's happening here?!

JOHN DOE
Are you listening to me, Detective Mills? I'm trying to tell you how much I admire you...and your pretty wife Tracy.

Mills freezes, turns to Doe. Doe smiles. Somerset is close.

SOMERSET
Throw your weapon down, Detective! Now!!

MILLS
(to Doe)
What did you say?

JOHN DOE
It's surprising, how easily a member of the press can purchase information from the men in your precinct.

SOMERSET
David...please...

JOHN DOE
I visited your home this morning, after you left.

Mills is filled with painful terror.

JOHN DOE (cont)
I tried to play husband, tried to taste the life of a simple man. But, it didn't work out, so I took a souvenir.

Mills turns to look at Somerset with pleading eyes. Somerset is holding out his hand.

SOMERSET
Give me the gun.

JOHN DOE
Her pretty head.

MILLS
Somerset...

JOHN DOE
Because I envy your normal life, envy is my sin.

Somerset can't hold back tears.

Fury rises in Mills and he turns to level his gun at John Doe, but Somerset raises his gun and points it at Mills.

SOMERSET
NO!!!

Mills sees Somerset's gun and raises his gun to Somerset.

MILLS
Tell me it's not true.

SOMERSET
I can't let you do this...

Mills steps forward, enraged.

MILLS
Put your gun down!!

SOMERSET
Don't do this...please...

MILLS
Put down the gun, Somerset!!

A pause. Somerset's gun hand is trembling. The wind whips across them. The HELICOPTER can be HEARD distantly. Somerset throws his gun down.

SOMERSET
Mills, listen to me!

Mills goes to grab John Doe by the throat and puts the gun to Doe's forehead. Mills is blind with rage.

Somerset holds his hand behind his back, opens his switchblade.

SOMERSET (cont)
He wants this! He wants you to do it!

Doe is staring into Mills's eyes with wild expectation.

JOHN DOE
Kill me!

Mills holds the gun on Doe's face, undecided, furious.

Somerset edges towards them.

MILLS
(to Somerset)
Stop it! You stay away!!

Somerset moves the switchblade so he is holding it by the blade, ready to throw.

SOMERSET
I can't let you do this!!

Mills throws Doe on the ground. The HELICOPTER is CLOSER.

Mills stands over Doe and points the gun.

JOHN DOE
She begged for her life...and for the life of your baby inside her!

Mills's face fills with confusion -- then a wave of horror.

MILLS
Wh...what?!

Doe's eyes register shock.

JOHN DOE
You didn't know!

SOMERSET
NO!!!

Somerset brings his hand out to throw the blade, but Mills reacts to the movement, turns on Somerset and fires -- BLAM!

Somerset flies backwards in the air, bullet exploding into his shoulder, just above the bullet-proof vest's opening.

Somerset hits the ground, screaming, bloody, writhing in pain.

Mills turns the gun on John Doe.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER -- EARLY EVENING

The chopper is over the marshland. California is leaning out with his rifle. He cringes from the sounds, as from his headset is HEARD: BLAM - BLAM - BLAM - BLAM - BLAM.

INSERT -- TITLE CARD

TWO WEEKS LATER

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Somerset sits in a wheelchair. He is dressed in a hospital gown. His upper chest and shoulder are wrapped in bandages. He stares out the window at the city's buildings.

CAPTAIN (o.s.)
Hey there, Somerset.

Somerset turns to see the captain. Somerset looks weak, older.

SOMERSET
Hello.

The captain walks in, carrying something behind his back.

CAPTAIN
How you feeling?

SOMERSET
I can breathe without pain now, so, I guess I feel great.

Somerset musters a lame smile. The captain sits on the bed.

CAPTAIN
The guys down at the precinct hear you're getting out today. Anyway, we all chipped in...

The captain takes a big tool belt full of tools from behind his back. He hands it over. Somerset looks at it and lays it on his lap. He smiles for real.

SOMERSET
Thank you. Tell them, thank you.

CAPTAIN
We figure you need all the tools you can get to fix up that piece of shit you call a house.

SOMERSET
Yeah, that's true.

Somerset continues examining the tools.

CAPTAIN
They're hoping you stop and say goodbye before you go, but I told them not to expect it.

SOMERSET
(not looking up)
It would be too hard.

The captain stands.

CAPTAIN
I have to get going, but...there is one more thing.

Somerset looks up. The captain takes a letter from his pocket.

CAPTAIN (cont)
I don't know if you're going to want it. It was down front. It's from Mills.

Somerset pauses, then puts his hand out to take it.

CAPTAIN (cont)
He's being arraigned tomorrow.

SOMERSET
I read about it in the paper.

Somerset just looks at the letter.

CAPTAIN
I guess...decide for yourself. I don't know what it says. I'm going to go.

SOMERSET
I'll see you.

The captain nods and walks into the hall.

Somerset wheels back to the window. He looks at the letter. Pause. He opens it. Unfolds the paper inside.

The note reads: YOU WERE RIGHT. YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT EVERYTHING.

Somerset closes the note, upset.

INT. HOSPITAL, MAIN NURSE'S STATION -- DAY

Somerset is in street clothes. He signs a form at the busy front desk. A NURSE takes the form and hands Somerset a large, manila envelope.

NURSE
There you go, Mister Somerset.

"Mister" causes Somerset to look strangely at the nurse.

NURSE (cont)
Yes?

SOMERSET
Nothing.

EXT. HOSPITAL -- DAY

Somerset comes down the stairs, slowly, tired.

Somerset holds the manila envelope and a small suitcase. The streets are busy with pedestrians and traffic.

He walks down the sidewalk.

He puts down the suitcase and opens the envelope to look inside. He sorts through the contents, takes out his keys and puts them in his pocket.

He reaches in the envelope again, and takes out the square of wallpaper with the pale, red rose on it. There is some dried blood on the paper. Somerset lays the envelope on the ground beside the suitcase.

He looks at the rose, tries to scratch off the blood.

He looks up, squinting from the sun, at the city bustling around him. At the tight canyon formed by the buildings.

At the cars, buses and taxis racing in the streets.

At a man, talking to himself, who lies on the sidewalk, surrounded by garbage.

At the people, miserable people, walking past him.

Somerset takes out his note from Mills: YOU WERE RIGHT. YOU WERE RIGHT ABOUT EVERYTHING.

A father passes by, holding his young son's hand. Somerset turns to watch them pass. The father reaches to pick the son up and carry him in his arms. The boy laughs and holds tight.

The father hugs his son to him, kisses him on the cheek. The boy returns the kiss with great affection.

Somerset watches them disappear in the mass of humanity. He looks back at the two papers in his hands. He lets out a sigh.

SOMERSET
(to himself)
Oh...man...

He sighs again, drained.

He puts the pale paper rose inside the note from Mills. He folds them together.

He tears them both up, into little pieces.

END